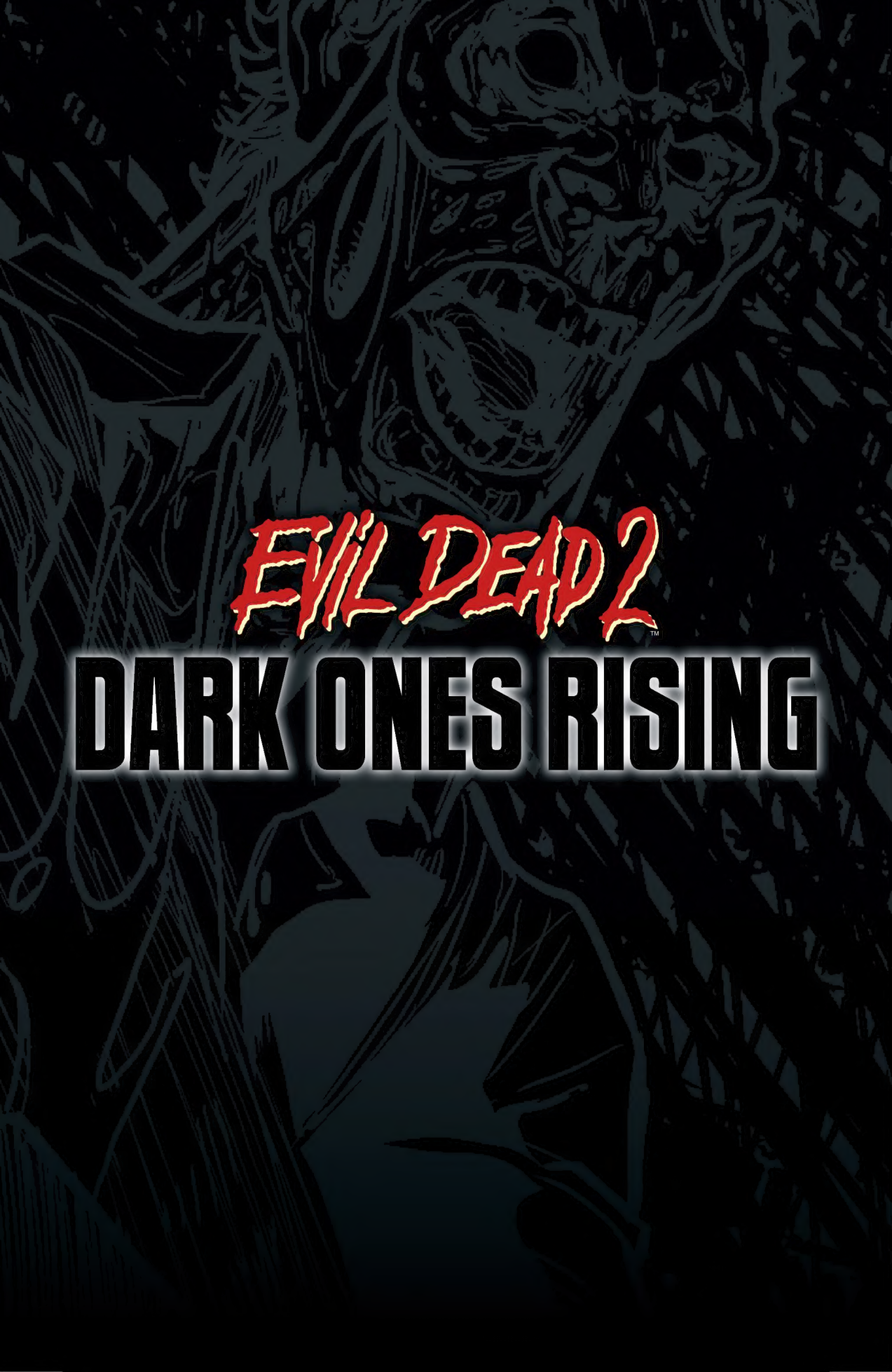
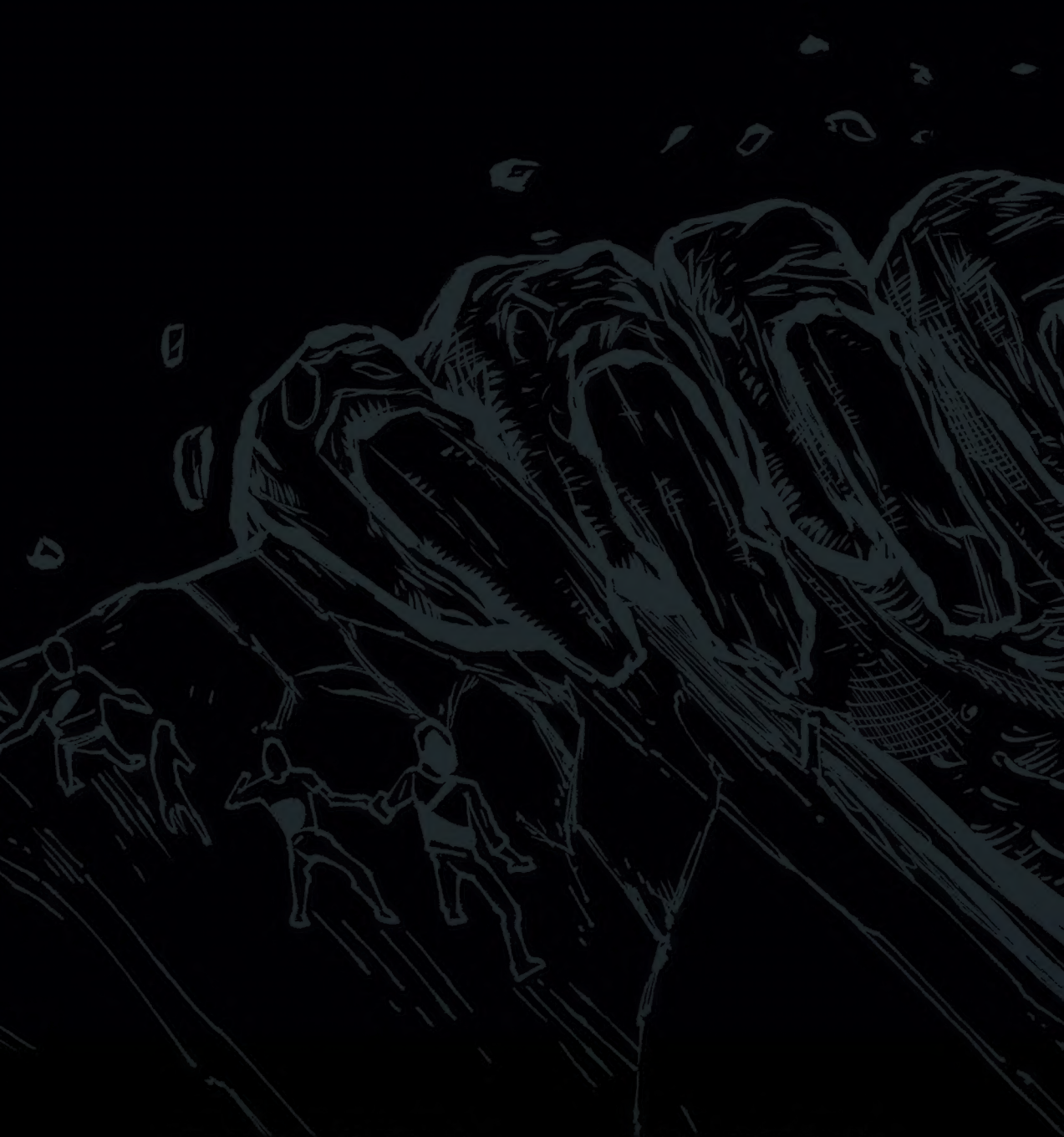

EVIL DEAD 2
DARK ONES RISING



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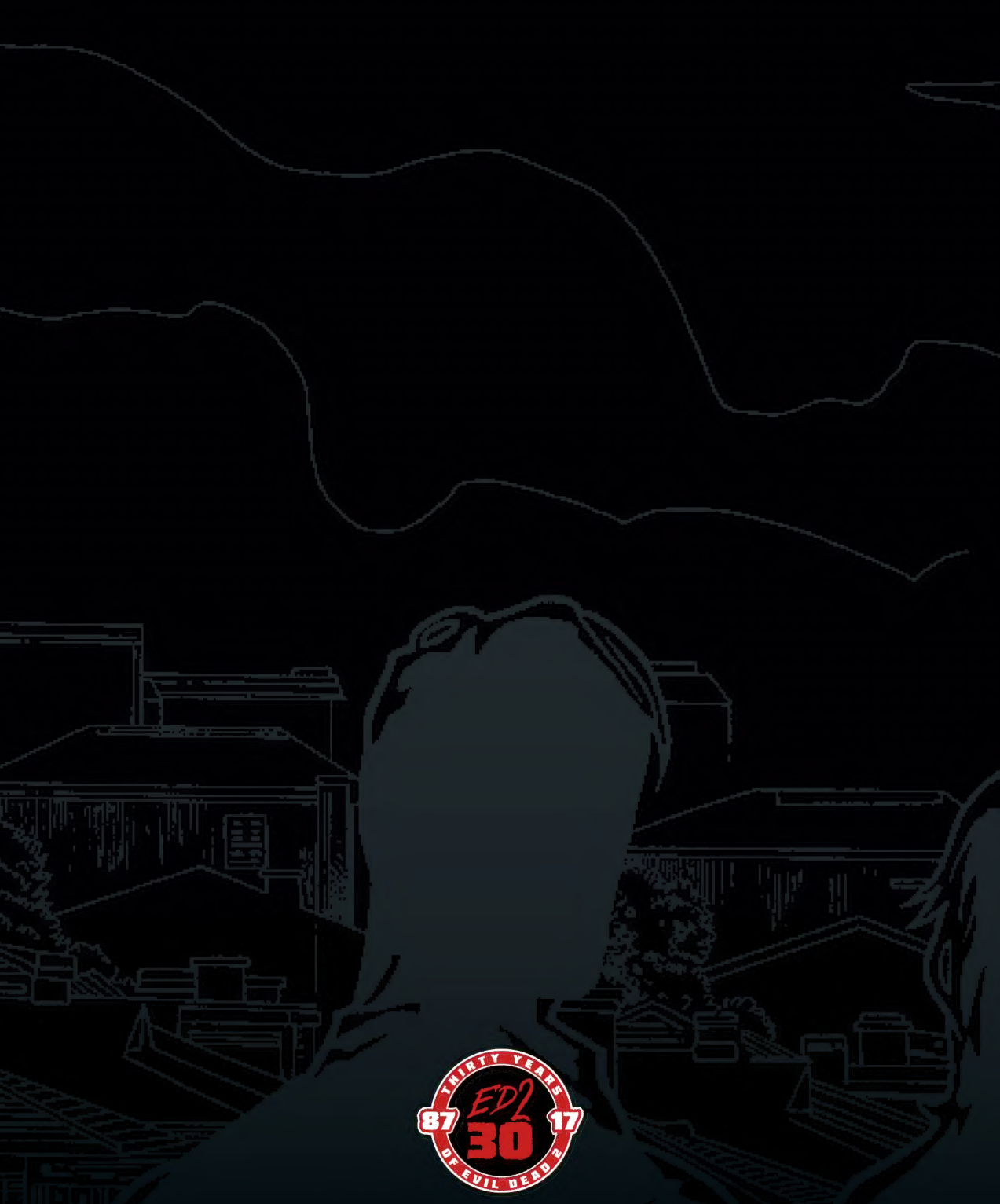

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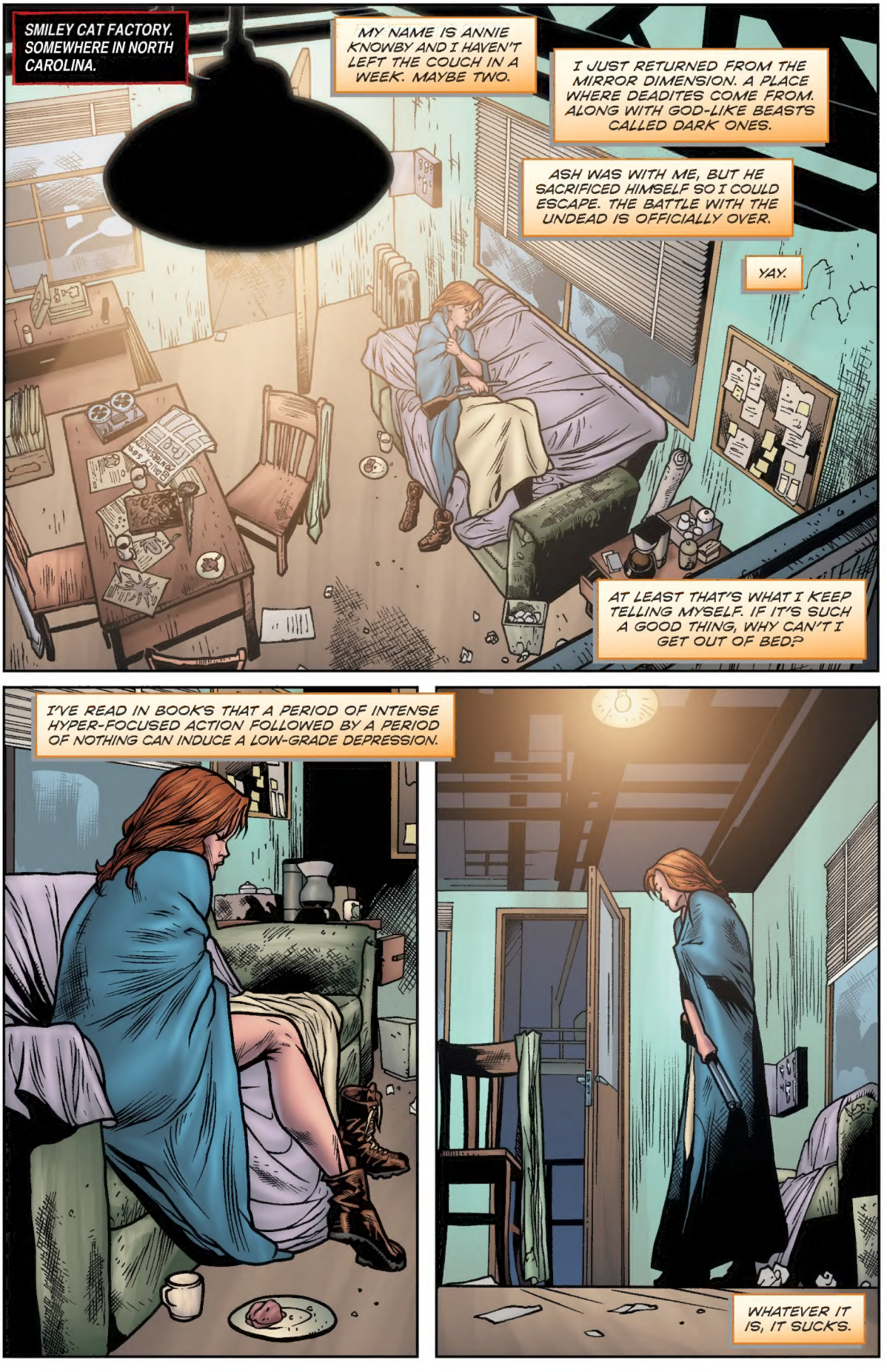
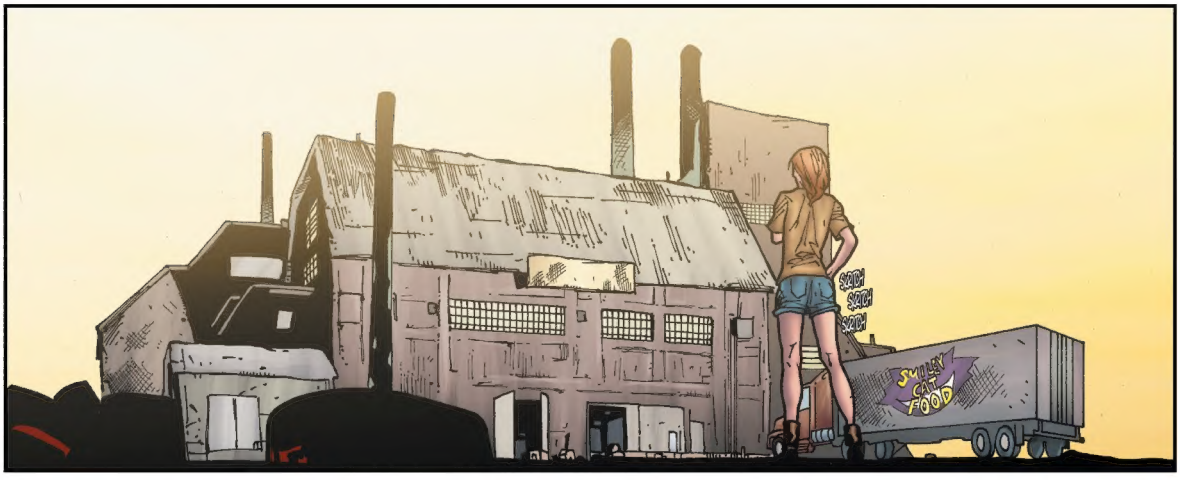
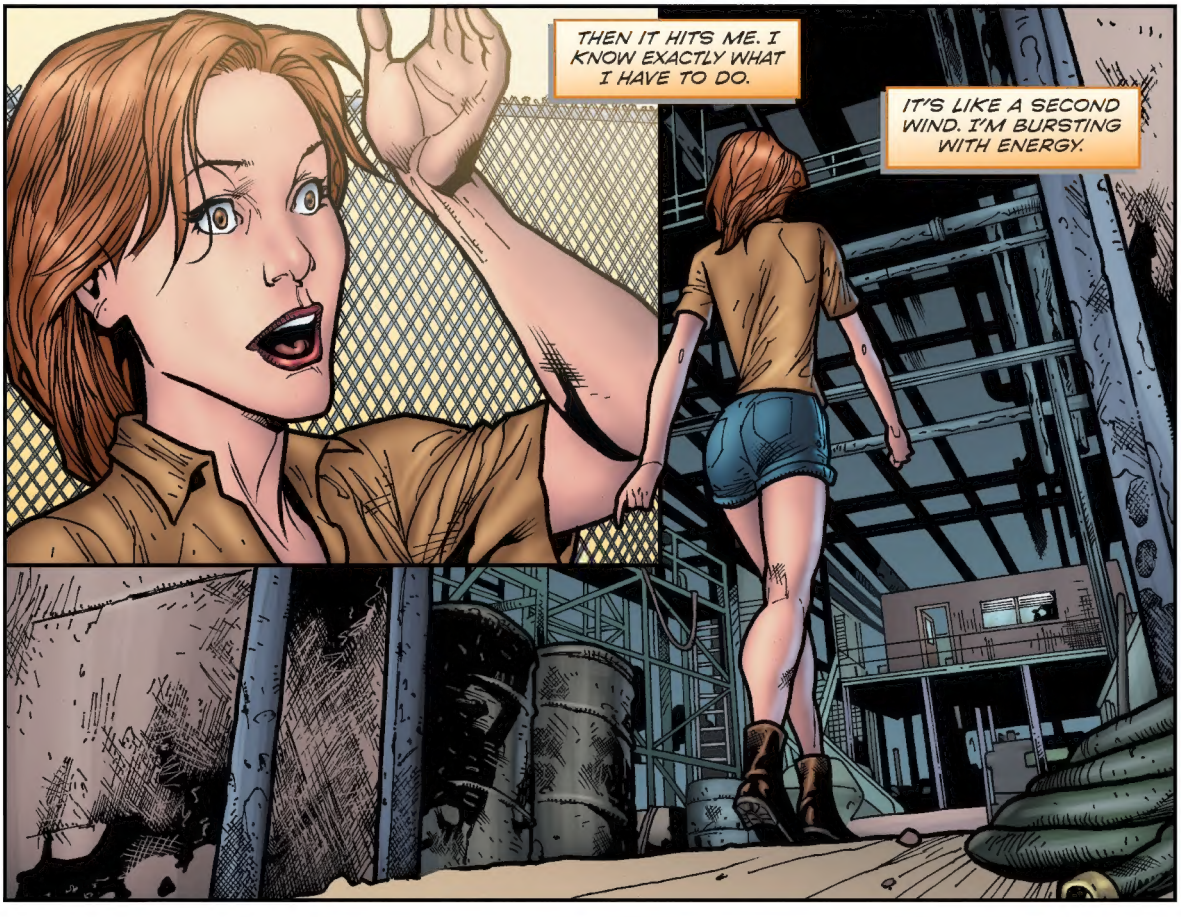
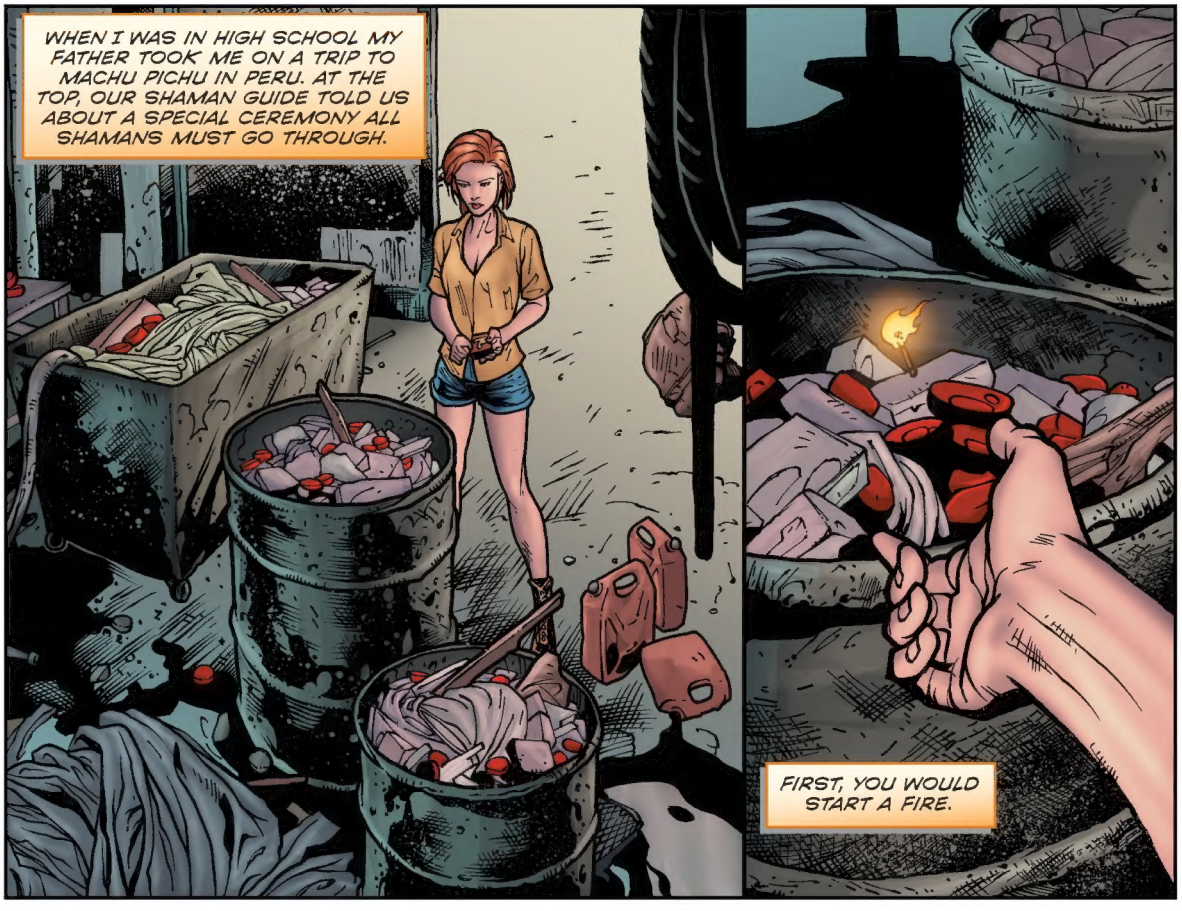
CHAPTER ONE
GUICHET/Rubinstein

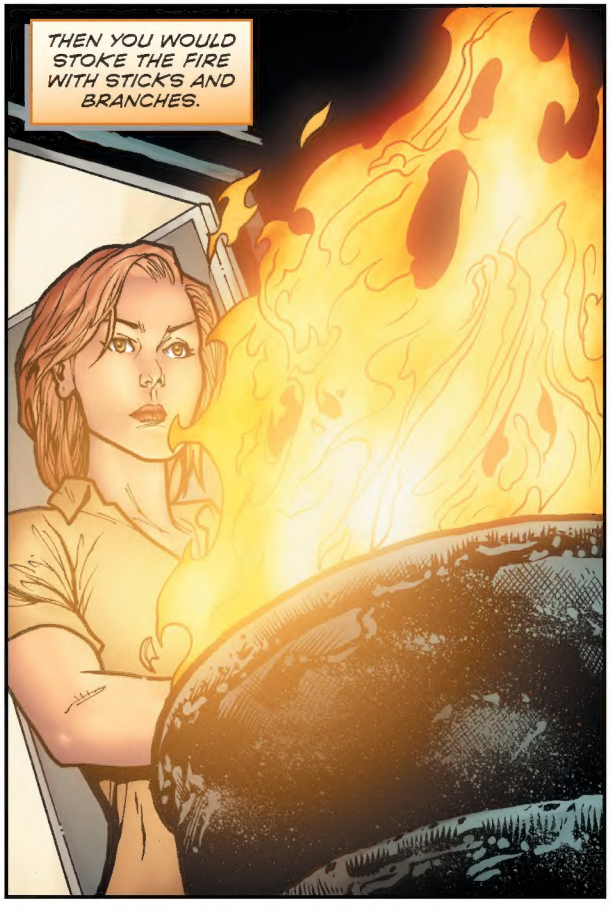

SMILEY CAT FACTORY. SOMEWHERE IN NORTH CAROLINA.
MY NAME IS ANNIE KNOWBY AND I HAVEN'T LEFT THE COUCH IN A WEEK. MAYBE TWO.
I JUST RETURNED FROM THE MIRROR DIMENSION. A PLACE WHERE DEADITES COME FROM. ALONG WITH GOD-LIKE BEASTS CALLED DARK ONES.
ASH WAS WITH ME, BUT HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF SO I COULD ESCAPE. THE BATTLE WITH THE UNDEAD IS OFFICIALLY OVER.
YAY.
AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I KEEP TELLING MYSELF. IF IT'S SUCH A GOOD THING, WHY CAN'T I GET OUT OF BED?
I'VE READ IN BOOKS THAT A PERIOD OF INTENSE HYPER-FOCUSED ACTION FOLLOWED BY A PERIOD OF NOTHING CAN INDUCE A LOW-GRADE DEPRESSION.
WHATEVER IT IS, IT SUCKS.

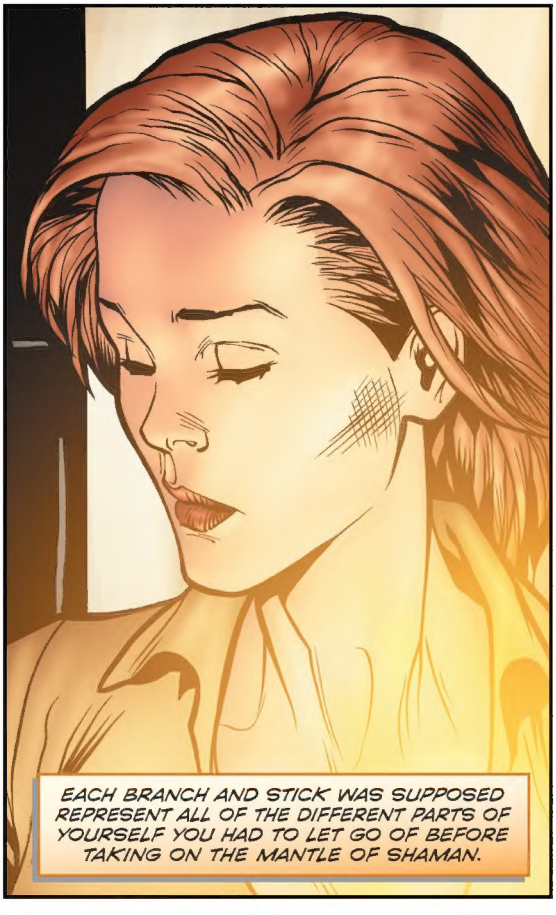
THE TRUTH IS--I MISS HIM. HIS BAD JOKES. HIS INCESSANT NEED TO GET INTO MY PANTS.
I THINK ABOUT THE SIX MONTHS WE SPENT GRINDING UP DEADITES HERE AND I WANT TO BE SICK.

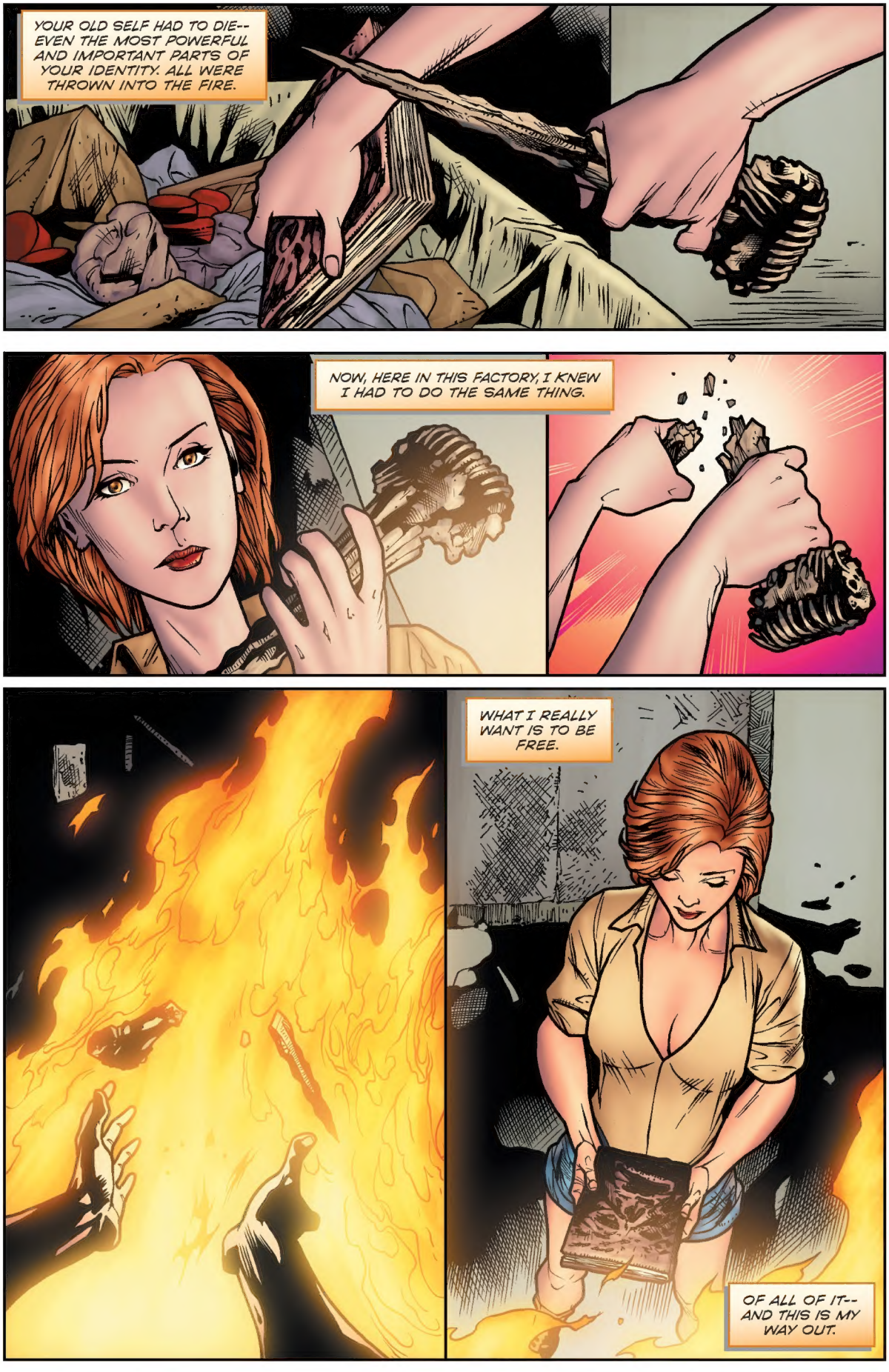

SKOK!
SKOK!
SKOK!
SMILEY CAT FOOD


THEN IT HITS ME. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I HAVE TO DO.
IT'S LIKE A SECOND WIND. I'M BURSTING WITH ENERGY.


WHEN I WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL MY FATHER TOOK ME ON A TRIP TO MACHU PICHU IN PERU. AT THE TOP, OUR SHAMAN GUIDE TOLD US ABOUT A SPECIAL CEREMONY ALL SHAMANS MUST GO THROUGH.
FIRST, YOU WOULD START A FIRE.

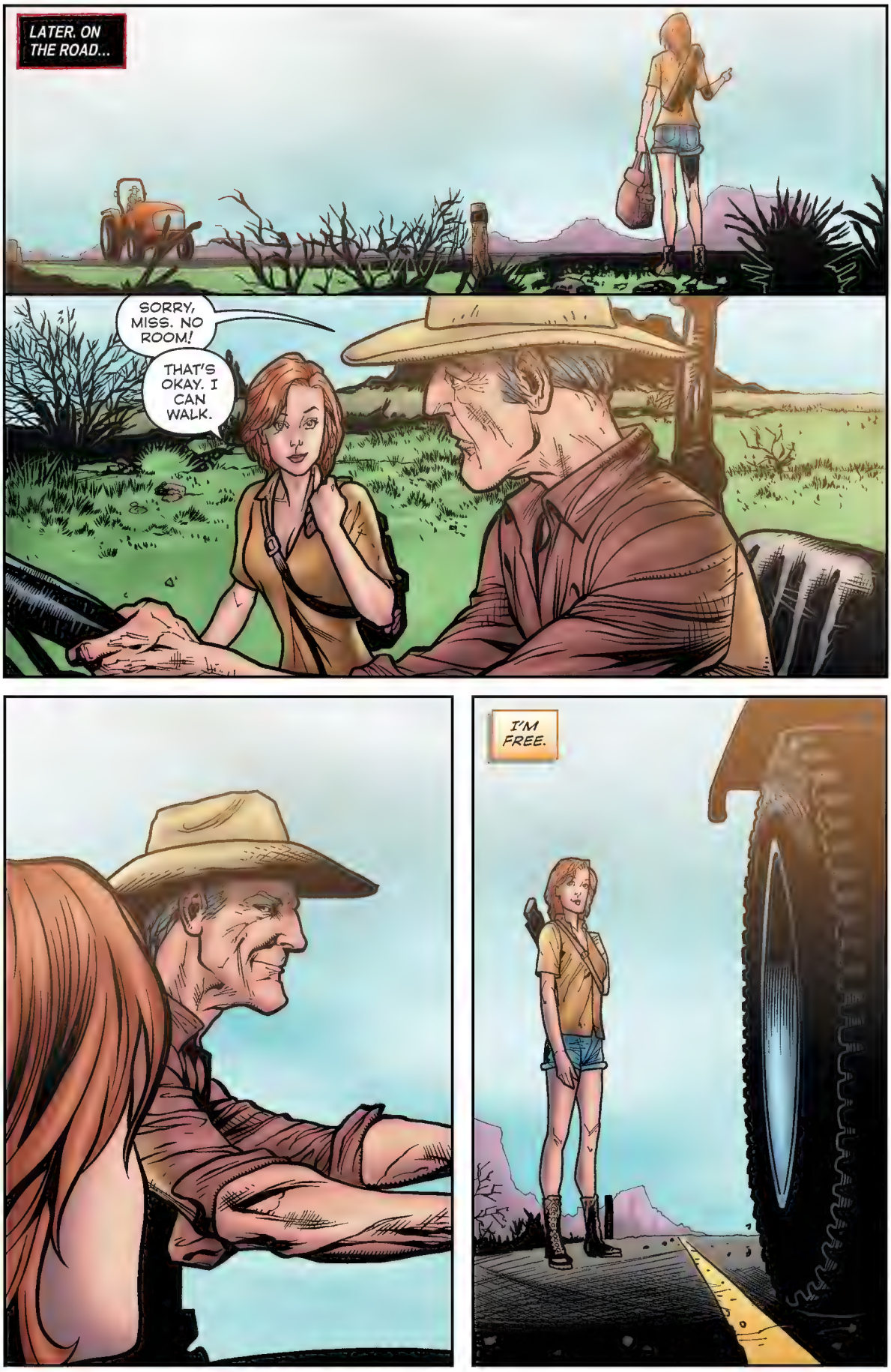

THEN YOU WOULD STOKE THE FIRE WITH STICKS AND BRANCHES.

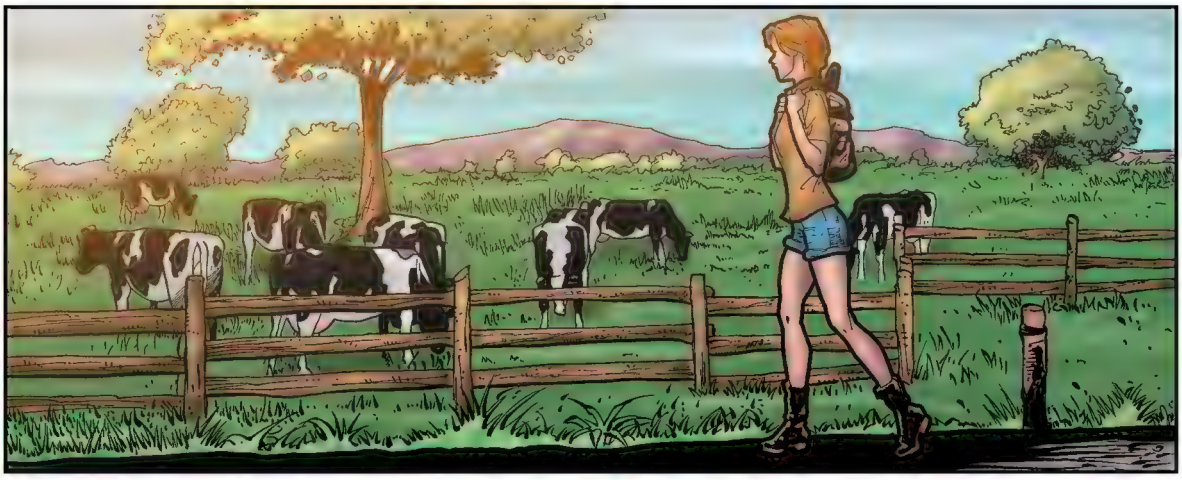

EACH BRANCH AND STICK WAS SUPPOSED REPRESENT ALL OF THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF YOURSELF YOU HAD TO LET GO OF BEFORE TAKING ON THE MANTLE OF SHAMAN.

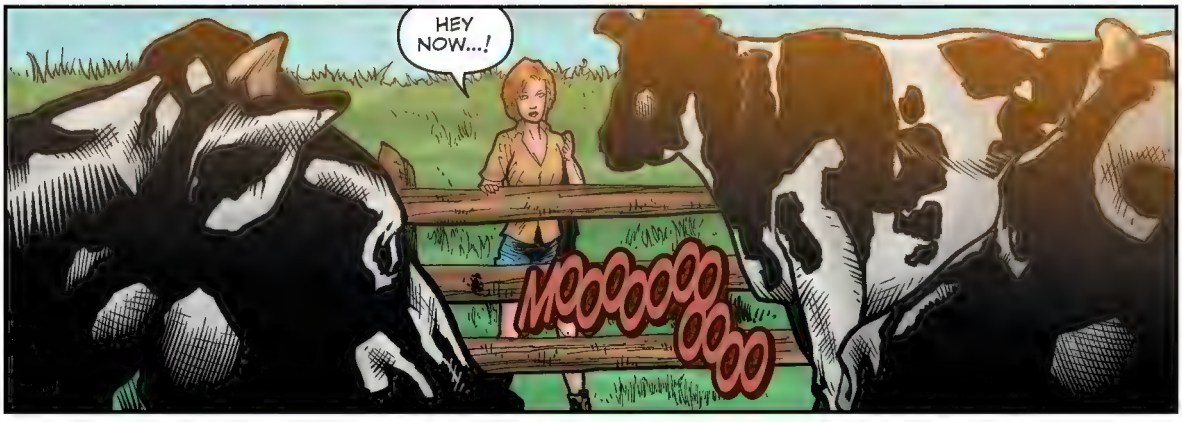

YOUR OLD SELF HAD TO DIE-- EVEN THE MOST POWERFUL AND IMPORTANT PARTS OF YOUR IDENTITY. ALL WERE THROWN INTO THE FIRE.
NOW, HERE IN THIS FACTORY, I KNEW I HAD TO DO THE SAME THING.
WHAT I REALLY WANT IS TO BE FREE.
OF ALL OF IT-- AND THIS IS MY WAY OUT.

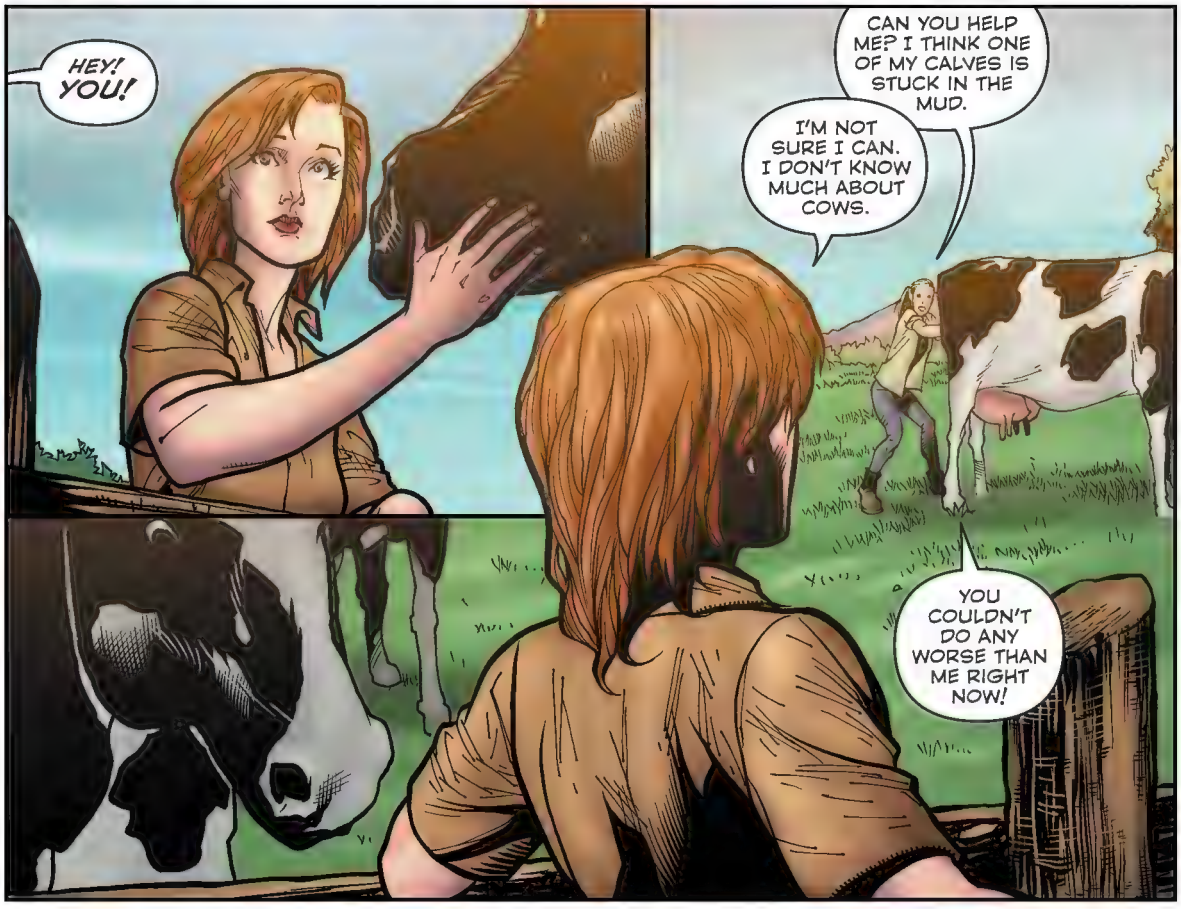
FSSSSSSSS

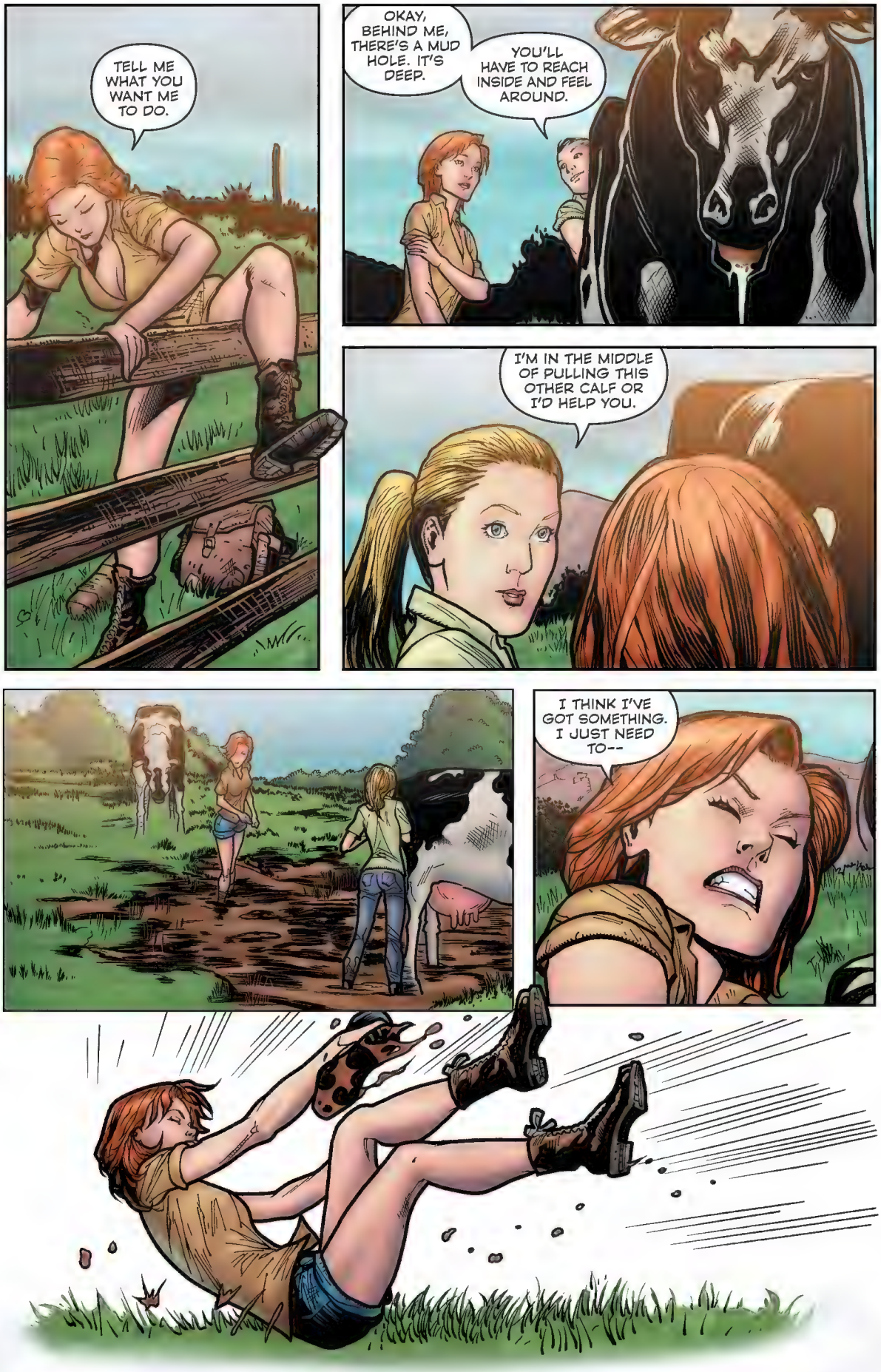
IN THE MIRROR DIMENSION, I WENT THROUGH SOME KIND OF KARMIC CLEANSING RITUAL.
THAT WAS SPIRITUAL. THIS WAS ABOUT THE PHYSICAL ATTACHMENTS TO THAT LIFE.
NO MORE DEADITES. NO MORE DAGGERS AND SPELLS.
GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT.


LATER. ON THE ROAD...
SORRY, MISS. NO ROOM!
THAT'S OKAY. I CAN WALK.
I'M FREE.



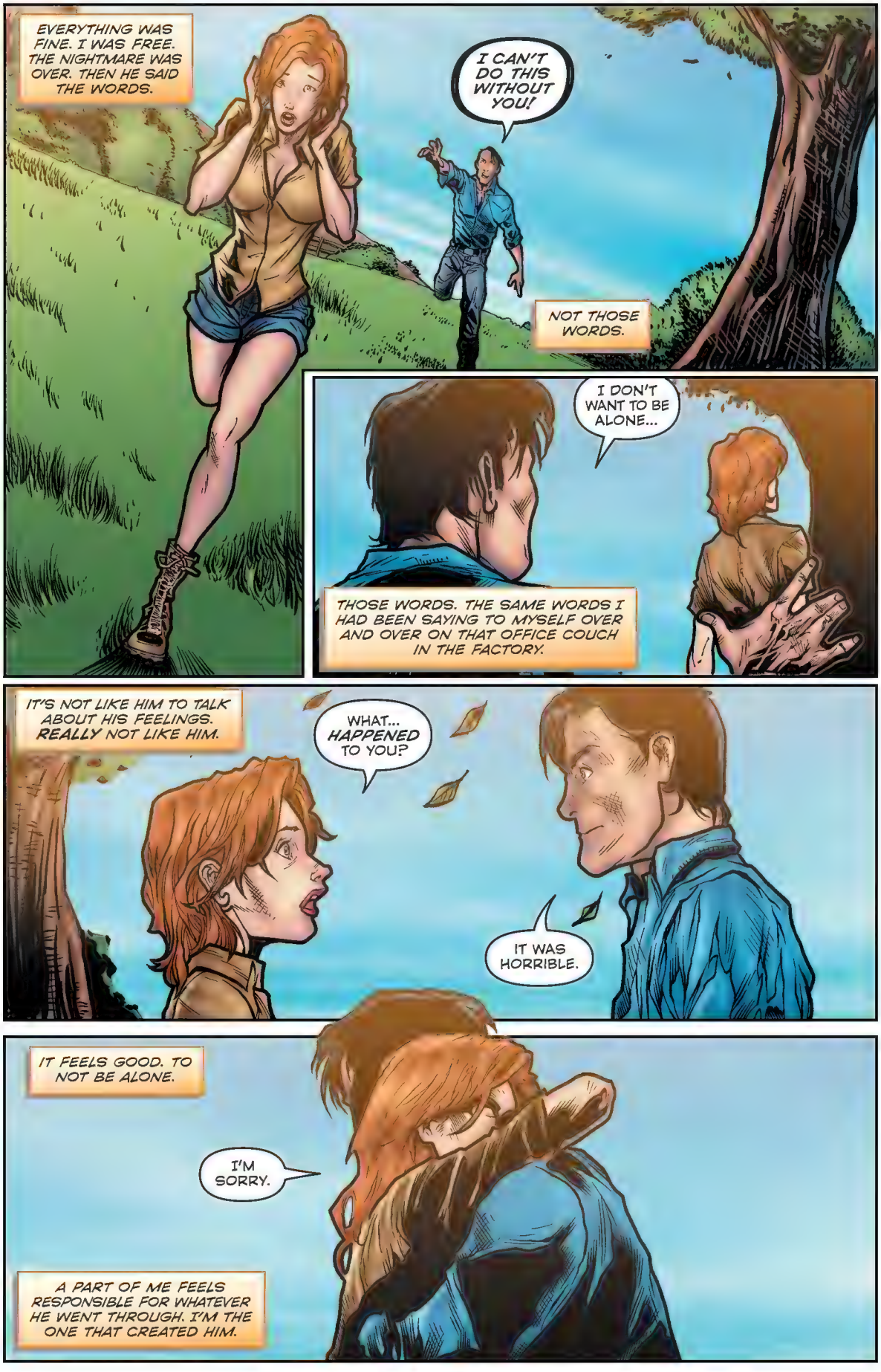

HEY NOW...!
MOOOOOOOOOO

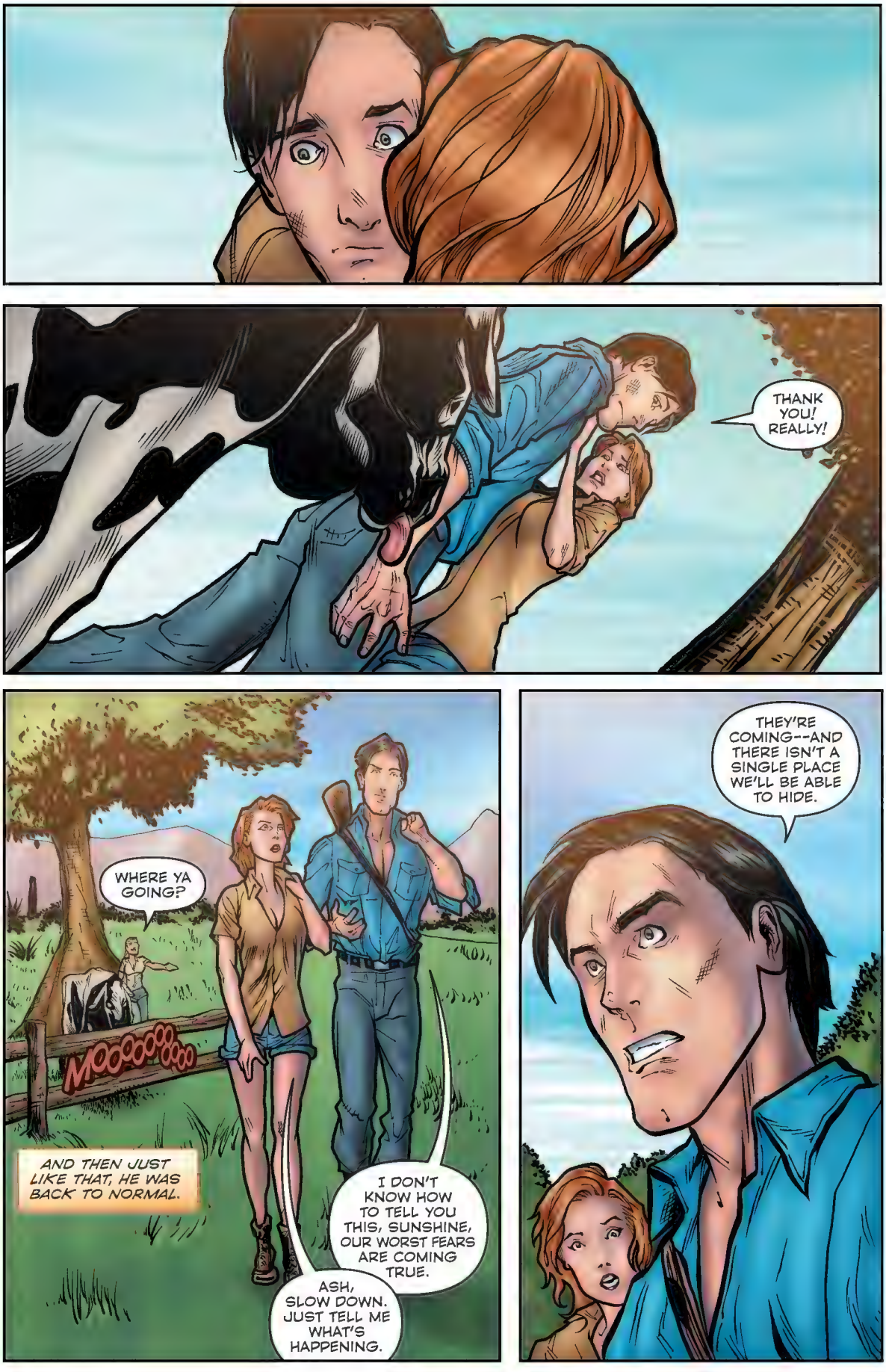

HEY! YOU!
CAN YOU HELP ME? I THINK ONE OF MY CALVES IS STUCK IN THE MUD.
I'M NOT SURE I CAN. I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT COWS.
YOU COULDN'T DO ANY WORSE THAN ME RIGHT NOW!

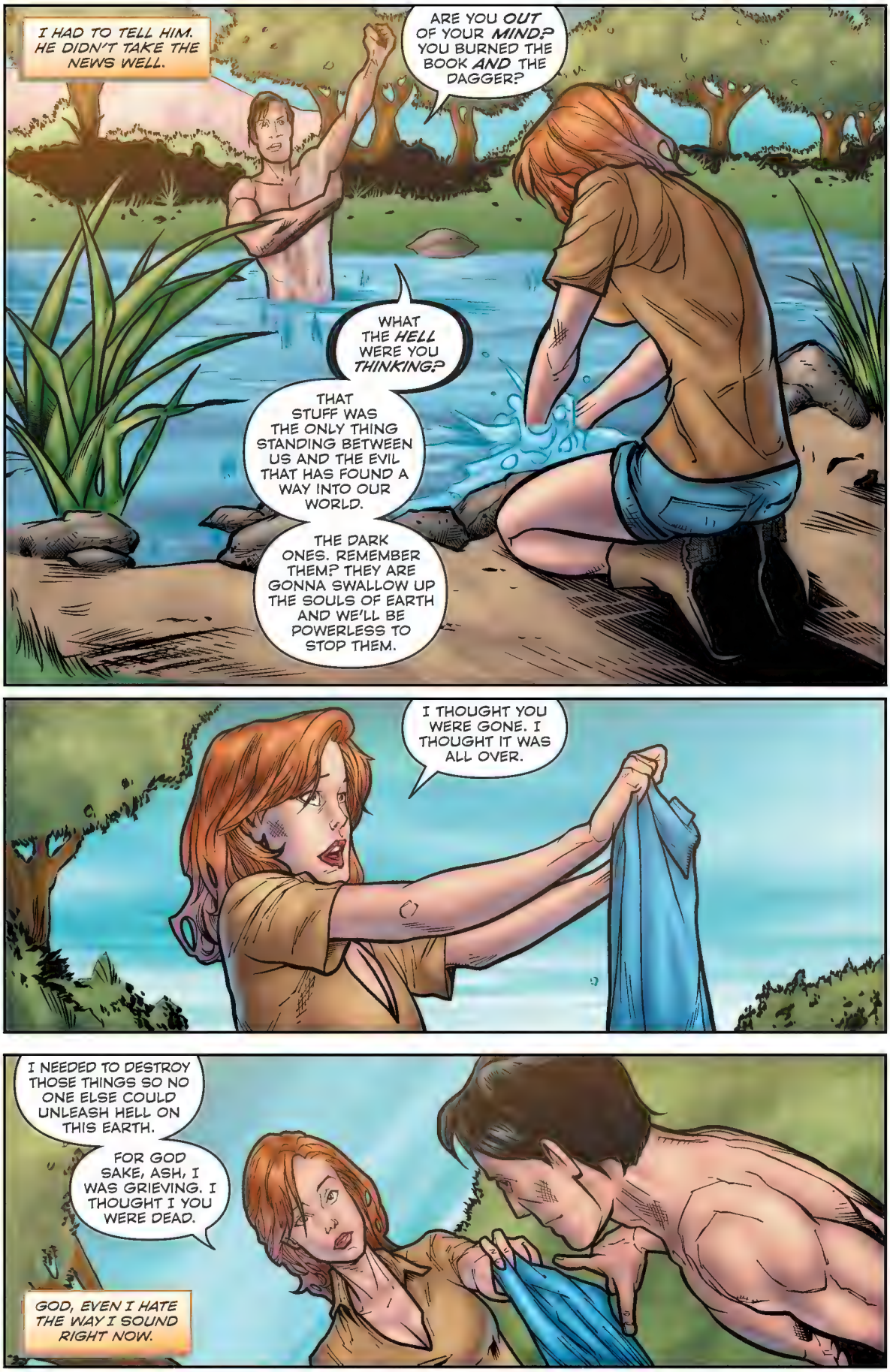

TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO.
OKAY, BEHIND ME, THERE'S A MUD HOLE. IT'S DEEP.
YOU'LL HAVE TO REACH INSIDE AND FEEL AROUND.
I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF PULLING THIS OTHER CALF OR I'D HELP YOU.
I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING. I JUST NEED TO--

WHAT THE--?!
WHAT IS THAT? A SHOE?
Ummmm. YEAH.
Ohhhh MYYYY LOOOORD.
NO. I DON'T THINK SO...
ANNIE! LISTEN! IT'S NOT OVER! NOT EVEN CLOSE. IT'S WORSE THAN WE THOUGHT. MUCH MUCH WORSE...
Uhhh...
WHAT'S WRONG? IT'S THE PRIMORDIAL OOZE, ISN'T IT?
WHAT HAVE I DONE...?

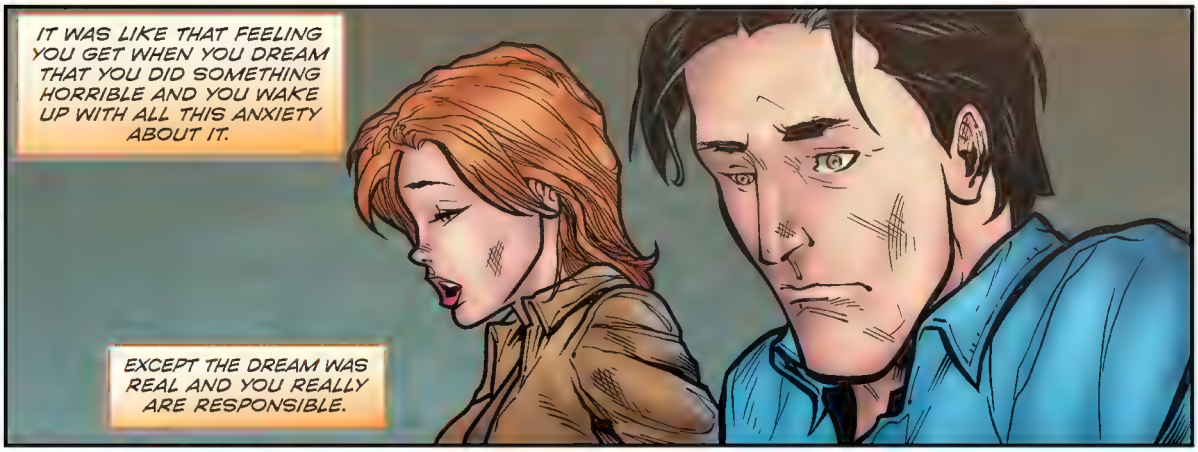
AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY, I TRY TO PUT SOME THOUGHTS TOGETHER.
THEY'RE NOT MY BEST.
SLICK
SLICK SLICK
SLICK
YOU NEED TO...
THIS ISN'T...
YOU HAVE TO...
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT I'VE JUST BEEN THROUGH?!
THANK YOU! I'M GOOD NOW.
I KNOW YOU WANT THIS TO BE OVER.
I WANT IT TO BE OVER, BUT THERE'S A DARK, NASTY CLOUD ON THE HORIZON AND IT IS NOT JUST LAST NIGHT'S EGG SALAD SANDWICH.
WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?


EVERYTHING WAS FINE. I WAS FREE. THE NIGHTMARE WAS OVER. THEN HE SAID THE WORDS.
I CAN'T DO THIS WITHOUT YOU!
NOT THOSE WORDS.
I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE...
THOSE WORDS. THE SAME WORDS I HAD BEEN SAYING TO MYSELF OVER AND OVER ON THAT OFFICE COUCH IN THE FACTORY.
IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO TALK ABOUT HIS FEELINGS. REALLY NOT LIKE HIM.
WHAT... HAPPENED TO YOU?
IT WAS HORRIBLE.
IT FEELS GOOD. TO NOT BE ALONE.
I'M SORRY.
A PART OF ME FEELS RESPONSIBLE FOR WHATEVER HE WENT THROUGH. I'M THE ONE THAT CREATED HIM.


THANK YOU! REALLY!
WHERE YA GOING?
MOOOOOOOOO
AND THEN JUST LIKE THAT, HE WAS BACK TO NORMAL.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU THIS, SUNSHINE, OUR WORST FEARS ARE COMING TRUE.
ASH, SLOW DOWN. JUST TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING.
THEY'RE COMING--AND THERE ISN'T A SINGLE PLACE WE'LL BE ABLE TO HIDE.


I HAD TO TELL HIM. HE DIDN'T TAKE THE NEWS WELL.
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? YOU BURNED THE BOOK AND THE DAGGER?
WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING?
THAT STUFF WAS THE ONLY THING STANDING BETWEEN US AND THE EVIL THAT HAS FOUND A WAY INTO OUR WORLD.
THE DARK ONES. REMEMBER THEM? THEY ARE GONNA SWALLOW UP THE SOULS OF EARTH AND WE'LL BE POWERLESS TO STOP THEM.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONE. I THOUGHT IT WAS ALL OVER.
I NEEDED TO DESTROY THOSE THINGS SO NO ONE ELSE COULD UNLEASH HELL ON THIS EARTH.
FOR GOD SAKE, ASH, I WAS GRIEVING. I THOUGHT I YOU WERE DEAD.
GOD, EVEN I HATE THE WAY I SOUND RIGHT NOW.

A FARMER WAS NICE ENOUGH TO GIVE A RIDE TO THE NEAREST TOWN. NEITHER OF US COULD THINK OF A SINGLE THING TO SAY TO EACH OTHER.
WELCOME TO
RED KNOB
POPULATION 998.
EVERYTHING WAS SO CALM AND QUIET OUT HERE. I HAD TO WONDER IF THE THREAT WAS EVEN REAL.


IT WAS LIKE THAT FEELING YOU GET WHEN YOU DREAM THAT YOU DID SOMETHING HORRIBLE AND YOU WAKE UP WITH ALL THIS ANXIETY ABOUT IT.
EXCEPT THE DREAM WAS REAL AND YOU REALLY ARE RESPONSIBLE.

WHAT IS IT, JESCO? YOU GOT THEM BAD POOPIES AGAIN?
OOWWWWWWWW

WHAT IN THEEEE HELL?!
OOWWWWWWWW

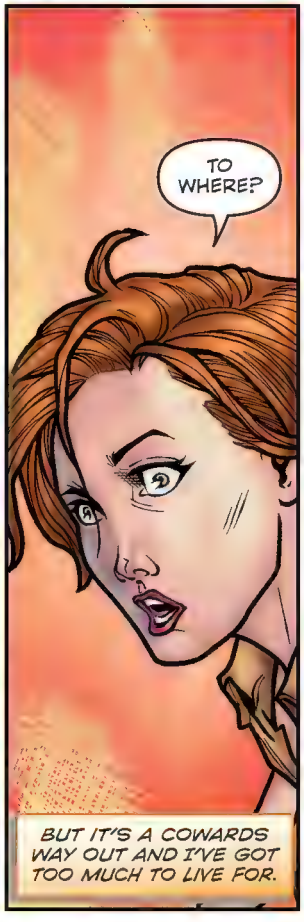
YOU CAN TRY TO IMAGINE WHAT A SQUARE MILE SIZED SINKHOLE WILL LOOK LIKE, BUT UNTIL YOU SEE IT, YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA.
THEN IF YOU TRY TO IMAGINE AN ENTIRE TOWN OF PEOPLE BEING SWALLOWED UP?
ALL OF THEM. VANISHED.
EVERYBODY IS GONE.
DID YOU LIVE HERE?
MY WIFE AND I...
Oh, GOD! MILDRED...
I TOLD YOU! NOW, WHATEVER PULLED THIS CITY DOWN IS BOUND TO COME UP FOR AIR. WE NEED TO SPLIT.
WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE!
WITH THE BOOK AND THE DAGGER, MAYBE WE'D HAVE A CHANCE. NOW? NO WAY.

GUYS? I THINK WE NEED TO BACK UP.
SWEET JESUS! IT'S THE RECKONIN'!
LORD, TAKE ME NOW AND LET ME REST IN YOUR KINGDOM. FOR I'M BUT A LOWLY SINNER AWAITING YOUR CALL.
HAAAA HAAAA HAAAA HAAAA HAAAA!
THERE IS NO GOD HERE TO SAVE YOU NOW!
IF I THOUGHT PRAYING WOULD HELP AGAINST THIS DEMONIC POWER, I WOULD CERTAINLY BE ON MY KNEES.
THIS IS THE END OF THE WORLD. THIS IS THE APOCALYPSE.
I KEEP REACHING FOR THE EX-MORTIS. THE BOOK THAT STARTED THIS MESS. IT'S NOT THERE. I HAVE NO ANSWERS. I AM LOSING ALL SENSE OF MYSELF.

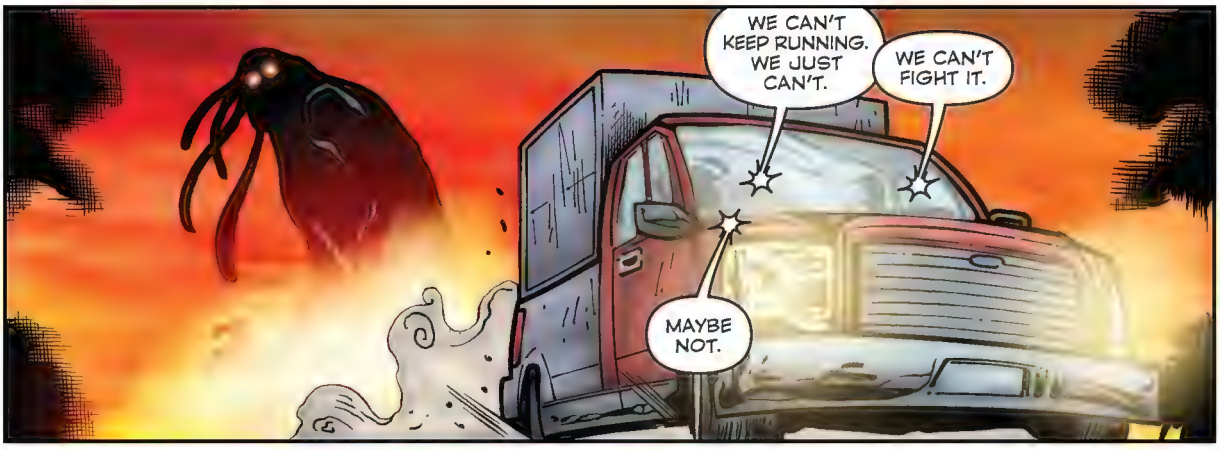
GET THEE BEHIND ME...

SAAATAAAAN!
SAVE YOUR PRAYERS, FOOL.

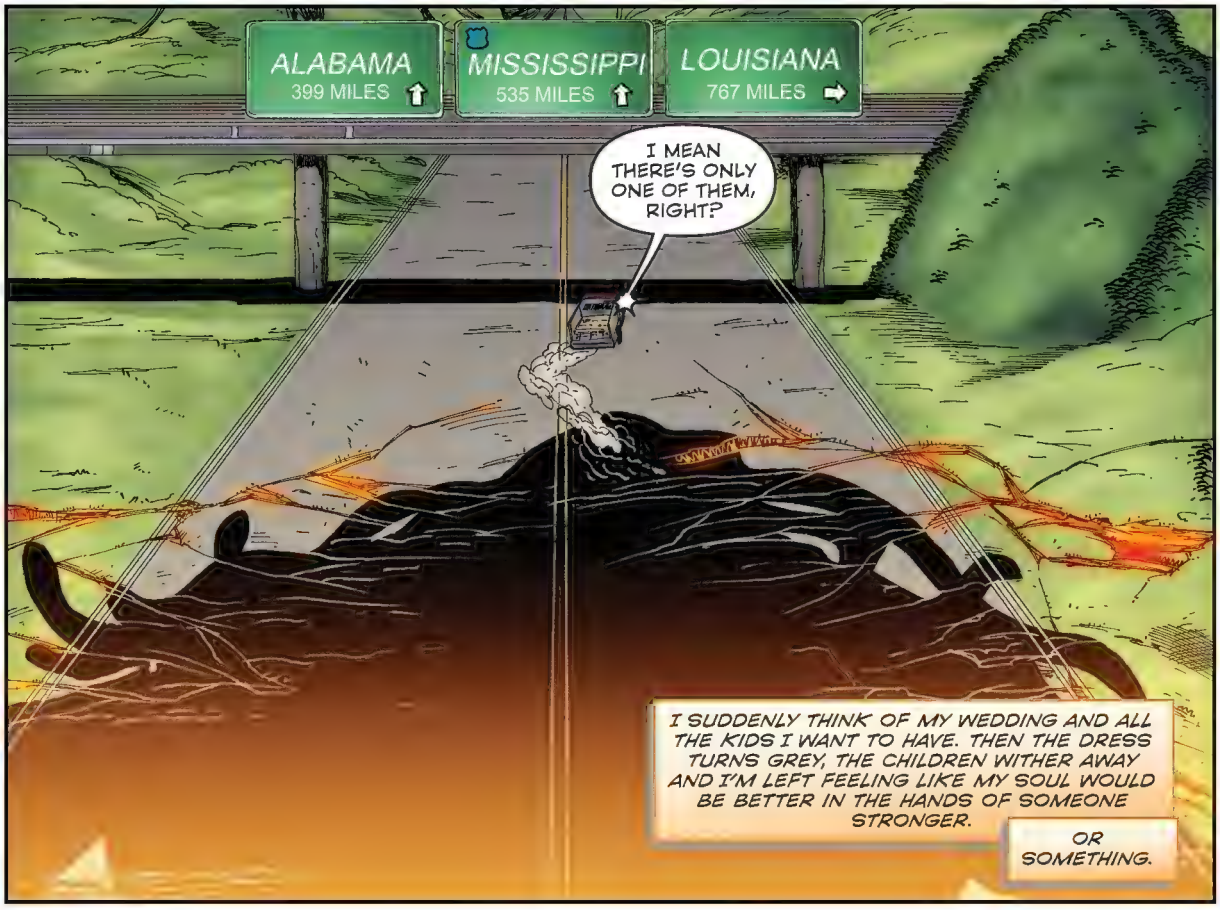
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?
I DON'T KNOW. RUN. AS FAR AWAY AS WE CAN.
THE SHOTGUN HANGING ON THE RACK IN THE TRUCK CAB TELLS ME THERE'S A QUICK WAY OUT OF THIS.


TO WHERE?
BUT IT'S A COWARDS WAY OUT AND I'VE GOT TOO MUCH TO LIVE FOR.

I AM EVERYTHING. I AM NOTHING. I AM...
RED KNOB CIVIL WAR CEMETERY
COMMMMME TO MEEEEE...
I AM YOU...I AM MEEEEE...WE ARRRRE... ONNNEEE!


WE CAN'T KEEP RUNNING. WE JUST CAN'T.
WE CAN'T FIGHT IT.
MAYBE NOT.

BUT WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIND SOMEONE WHO CAN.


ALABAMA
399 MILES
MISSISSIPPI
535 MILES
LOUISIANA
767 MILES
I MEAN THERE'S ONLY ONE OF THEM, RIGHT?
I SUDDENLY THINK OF MY WEDDING AND ALL THE KIDS I WANT TO HAVE. THEN THE DRESS TURNS GREY, THE CHILDREN WITHER AWAY AND I'M LEFT FEELING LIKE MY SOUL WOULD BE BETTER IN THE HANDS OF SOMEONE STRONGER.
OR SOMETHING.

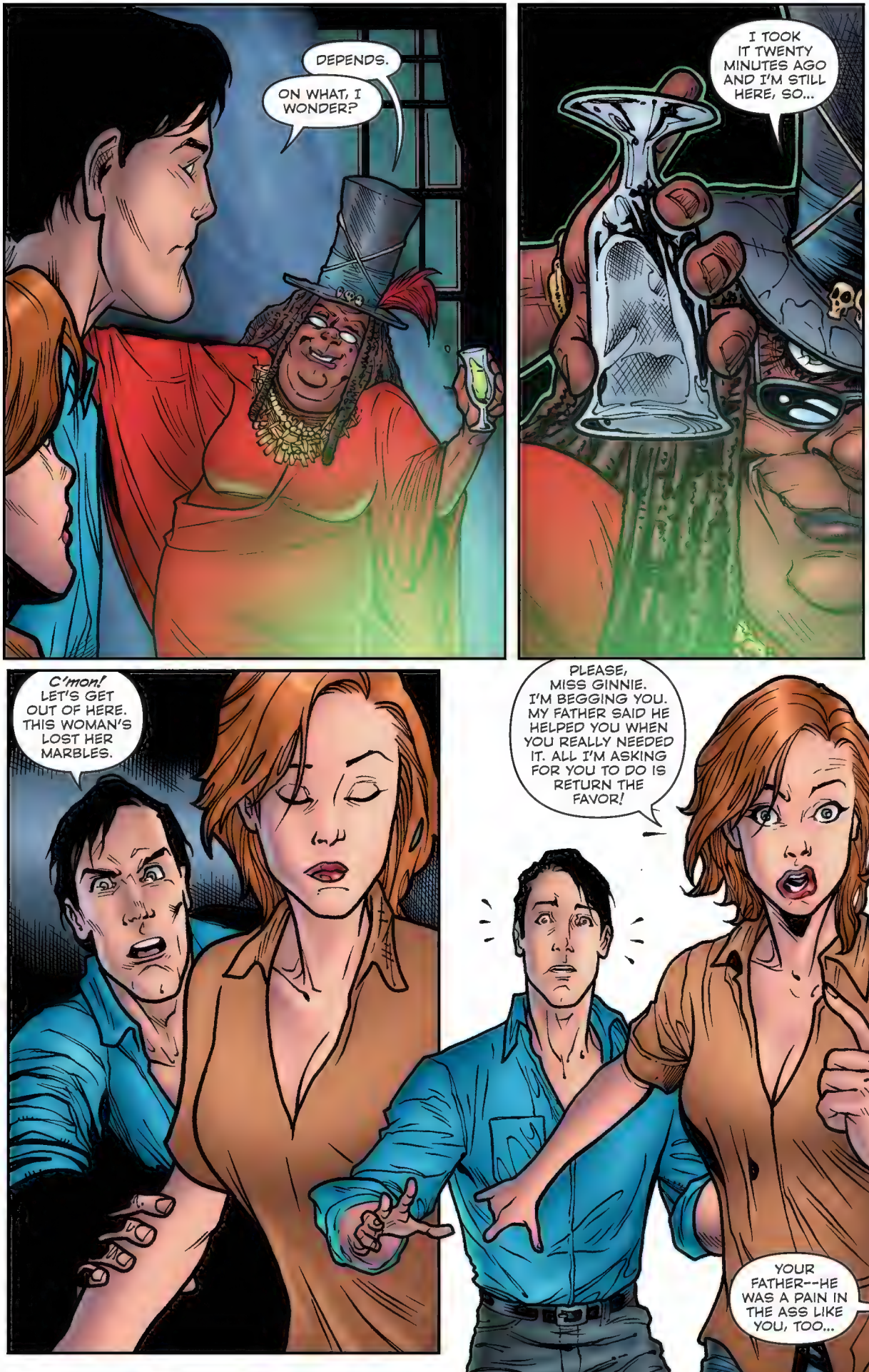
CHAPTER TWO

THE WORLD IS IN TROUBLE. REAL TROUBLE. NOT THE KIND YOU THINK WON'T HAPPEN UNTIL FIFTY YEARS AFTER YOU DIE.
...AND THE FOOTAGE COMING IN IS SIMPLY ASTOUNDING. WE CAN NOW REPORT THAT LARGE PARTS OF BOTH NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA HAVE BEEN TAKEN OUT BY THESE MASSIVE BEINGS...
...WHILE THE GOVERNMENT IS PLEADING FOR CITIZENS TO REMAIN INDOORS, RELIGIOUS LEADERS ARE ASKING THE WORLD TO FALL TO ITS KNEES AND EMBRACE THE COMING RAPTURE.
I BROUGHT DARK ONES BACK FROM THE MIRROR DIMENSION. THEY'RE DEVOURING SOULS AT AN ALARMING RATE.
LIKE I SAID. REAL TROUBLE.
NOT EVERYONE BLOOMS DURING A CRISIS.
KRAAS
EVERY YEAR SOME IDIOT PUTS OUT A BOOK ON HOW TO SURVIVE THE APOCALYPSE. ZOMBIES, VAMPIRES, ETCETERA.
I GUESS NOBODY BOTHERED TO READ THEM.
BACK OFF! IT'S MINE!

SO, WE ENDED UP IN NEW ORLEANS.
MY FATHER KNEW THE OWNER OF THIS HOODOO STORE IN THE FRENCH QUARTER. MAYBE SOMEONE THERE CAN HELP US.
THE VOODOOIENNE
BOX
CLOSED
AND THEN, THERE'S THESE TWO GUYS. NOT EXACTLY THE WARM AND FUZZY TYPES.
IT'S JUST-- WE REALLY NEED YOUR HELP...

I KNEW YOUR FATHER WHEN HE WAS ALIVE, BUT THAT DON'T MEAN I KNOW *YOU*.
YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE. THERE HAS TO BE SOME KIND OF SOLUTION.
YOU THINK SO, DO YOU?
YOU WANT MY OPINION. THERE'S NOTHING TO BE DONE.
THIS WORLD DESERVES WHAT IT GETS. I DON'T FEEL BAD ABOUT IT. NOT EVEN A LITTLE.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. THIS ISN'T THE WORLD'S FAULT. IT'S MINE! I DID THIS. I BROUGHT THIS EVIL INTO THIS WORLD.
YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE?
YES.

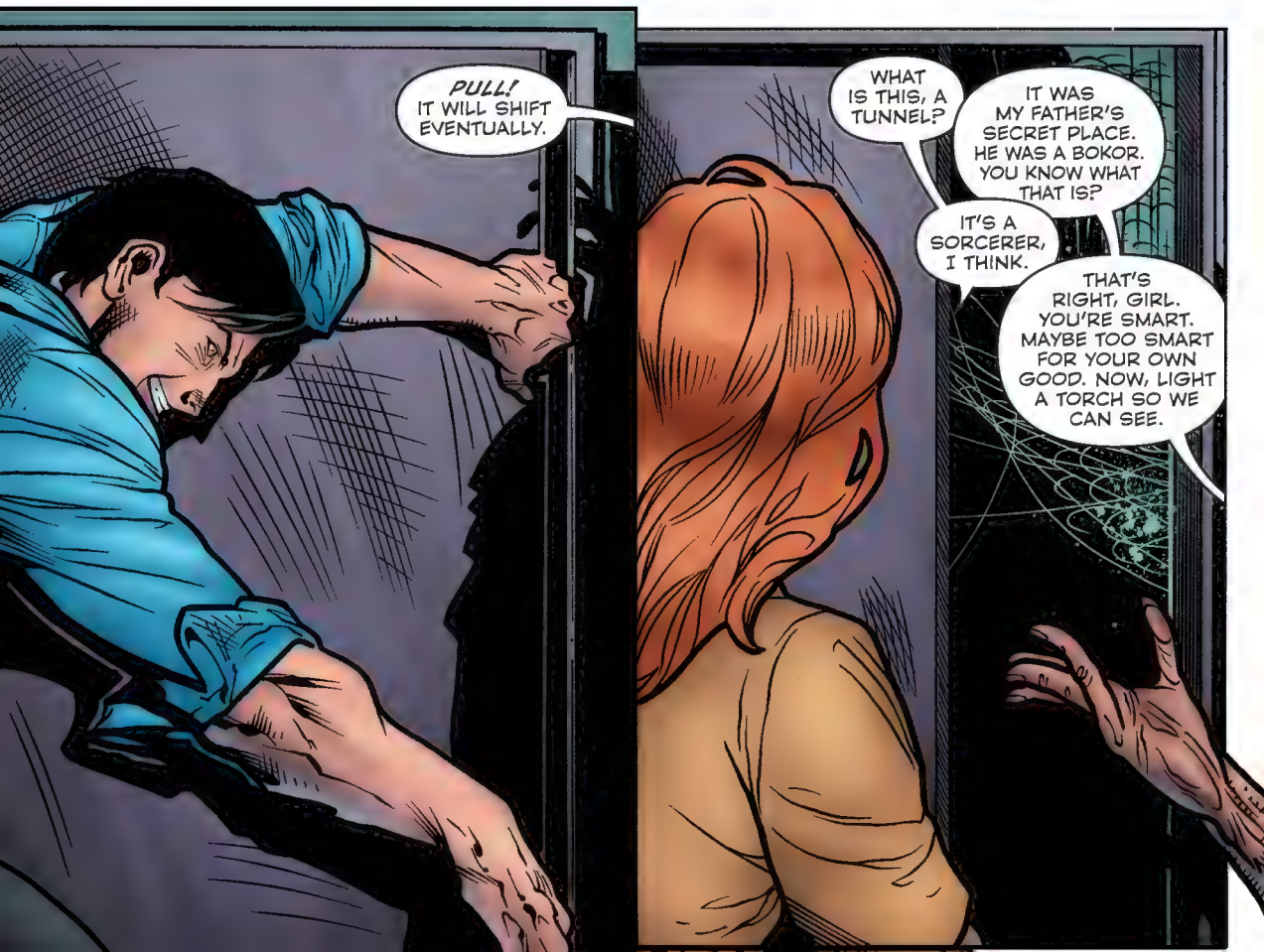
THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING.
HERE. TRY THIS.
WHAT DOES IT DO?
WHAT KIND OF REMEDIES ARE YOU SELLING, LADY?!
HOW LONG?
WHAT?
IT WILL STOP YOUR HEART.
DOES IT TAKE?

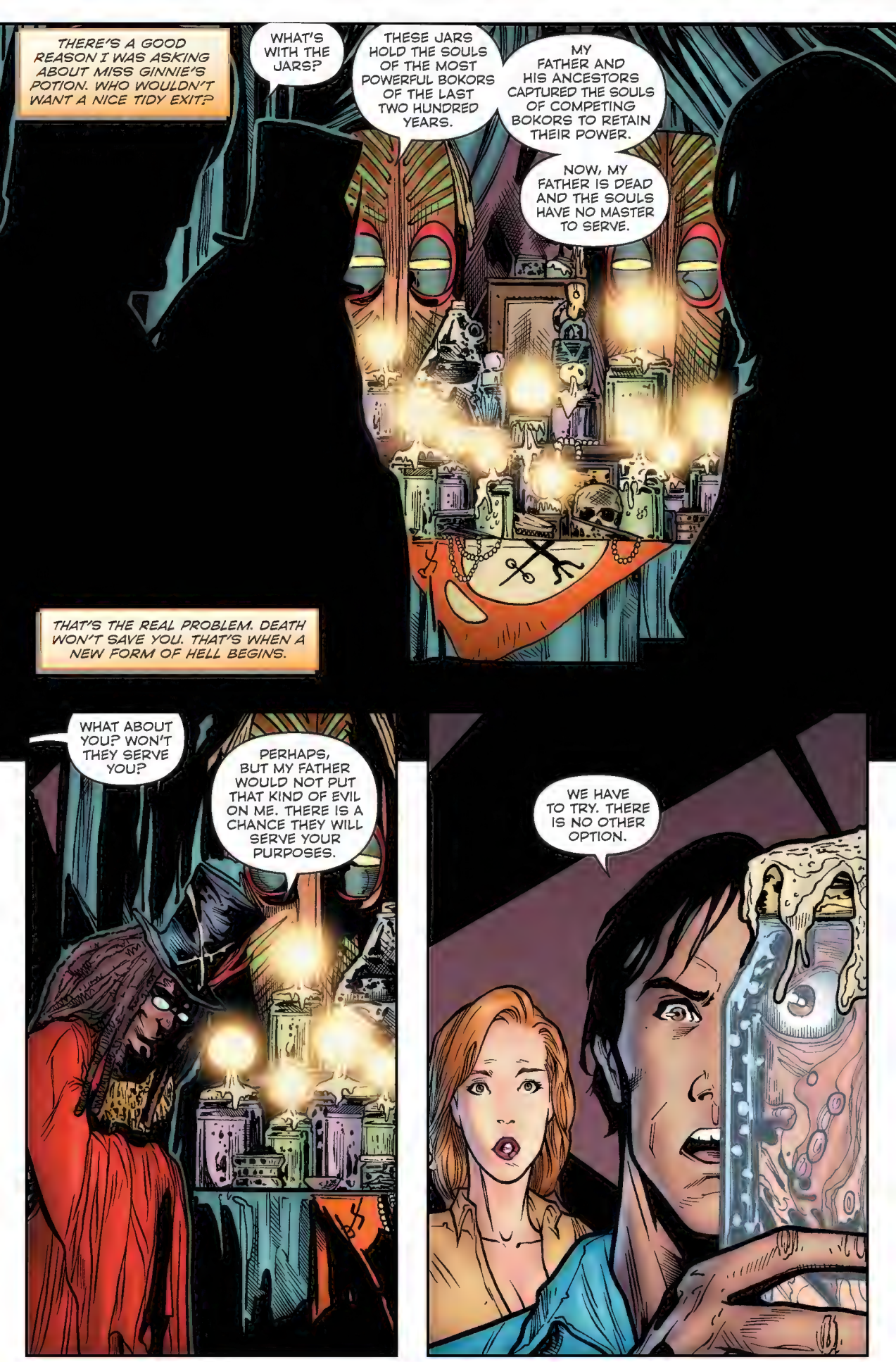

DEPENDS.
ON WHAT, I WONDER?
I TOOK IT TWENTY MINUTES AGO AND I'M STILL HERE, SO...
C'mon! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. THIS WOMAN'S LOST HER MARBLES.
PLEASE, MISS GINNIE. I'M BEGGING YOU. MY FATHER SAID HE HELPED YOU WHEN YOU REALLY NEEDED IT. ALL I'M ASKING FOR YOU TO DO IS RETURN THE FAVOR!
YOUR FATHER--HE WAS A PAIN IN THE ASS LIKE YOU, TOO...

IN MY MIND, I SEE THE POWER THESE DARK ONES HOLD. I KNOW THE DEVASTATION THEY ARE CAPABLE OF.
COMMAND, THIS IS APACHE ONE, I'VE GOT A LOCK ON THE TARGET. JUST WAITING FOR YOUR CALL. OVER.
WHAT HORRORIBLE CHOICES HAVE BEEN FORCED ON OTHERS BECAUSE OF MY ACTIONS?
COMMAND, THIS IS APACHE ONE, I REPEAT--!
APACHE ONE, YOU ARE CLEARED TO ENGAGE.
WHAT'RE YOU WAITING FOR? FIRE!
THEY'RE PEOPLE, DAMMIT! I NEED A SECOND.
A SECOND FOR WHAT?!
CLICK

ARE YOU SURE? CAUSE I GOT THIS THING ABOUT ROOT CELLARS...
IF THERE IS AN ANSWER TO THIS, IT WILL BE DOWN THERE.

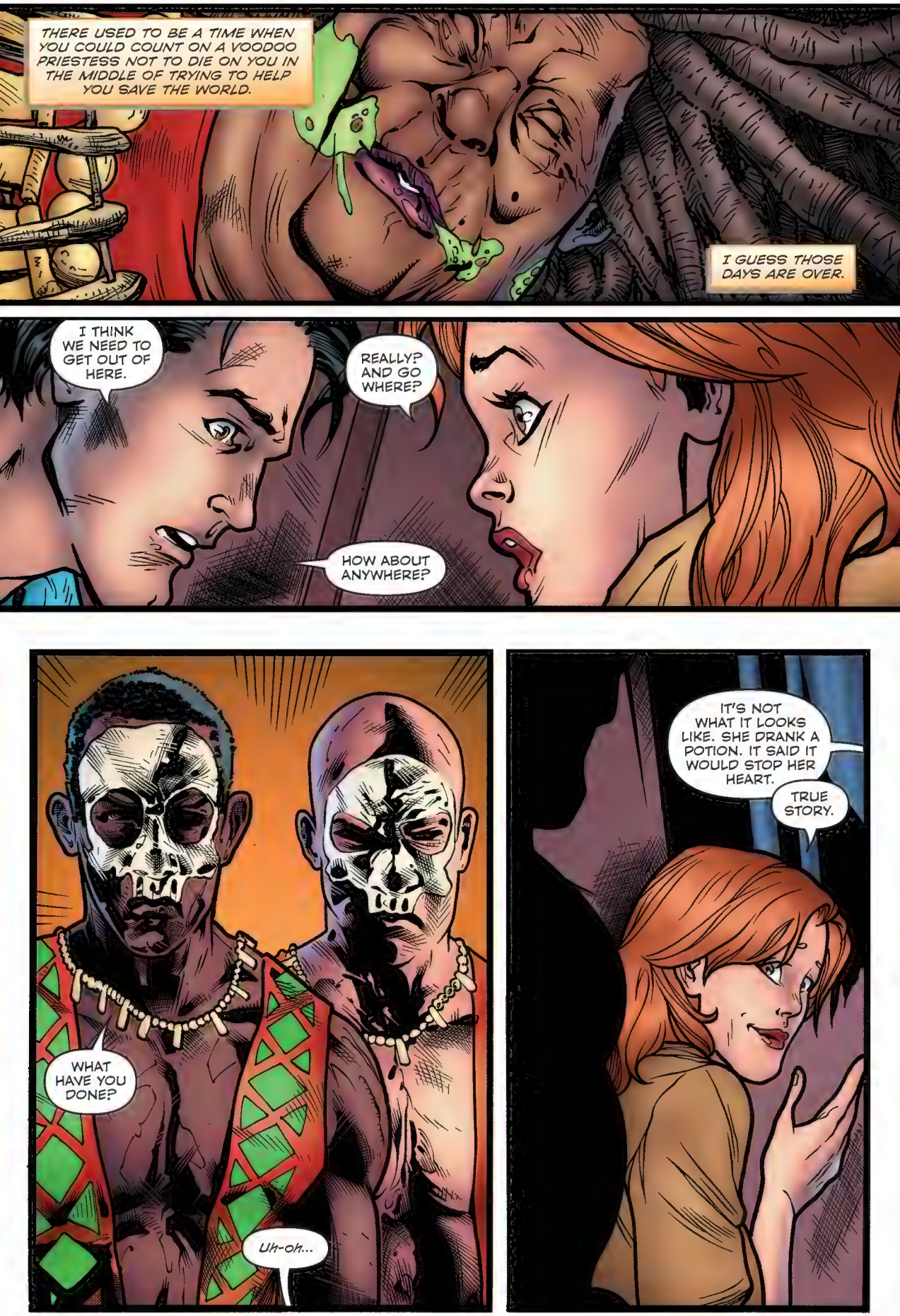
THERE, BEHIND THE SLIDING DOOR. HELP ME MOVE IT.


PULL! IT WILL SHIFT EVENTUALLY.
WHAT IS THIS, A TUNNEL?
IT WAS MY FATHER'S SECRET PLACE. HE WAS A BOKOR. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS?
IT'S A SORCERER, I THINK.
THAT'S RIGHT, GIRL. YOU'RE SMART. MAYBE TOO SMART FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. NOW, LIGHT A TORCH SO WE CAN SEE.


THERE'S A GOOD REASON I WAS ASKING ABOUT MISS GINNIE'S POTION. WHO WOULDN'T WANT A NICE TIDY EXIT?
WHAT'S WITH THE JARS?
THESE JARS HOLD THE SOULS OF THE MOST POWERFUL BOKORS OF THE LAST TWO HUNDRED YEARS.
MY FATHER AND HIS ANCESTORS CAPTURED THE SOULS OF COMPETING BOKORS TO RETAIN THEIR POWER.
NOW, MY FATHER IS DEAD AND THE SOULS HAVE NO MASTER TO SERVE.
THAT'S THE REAL PROBLEM. DEATH WON'T SAVE YOU. THAT'S WHEN A NEW FORM OF HELL BEGINS.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? WON'T THEY SERVE YOU?
PERHAPS, BUT MY FATHER WOULD NOT PUT THAT KIND OF EVIL ON ME. THERE IS A CHANCE THEY WILL SERVE YOUR PURPOSES.
WE HAVE TO TRY. THERE IS NO OTHER OPTION.

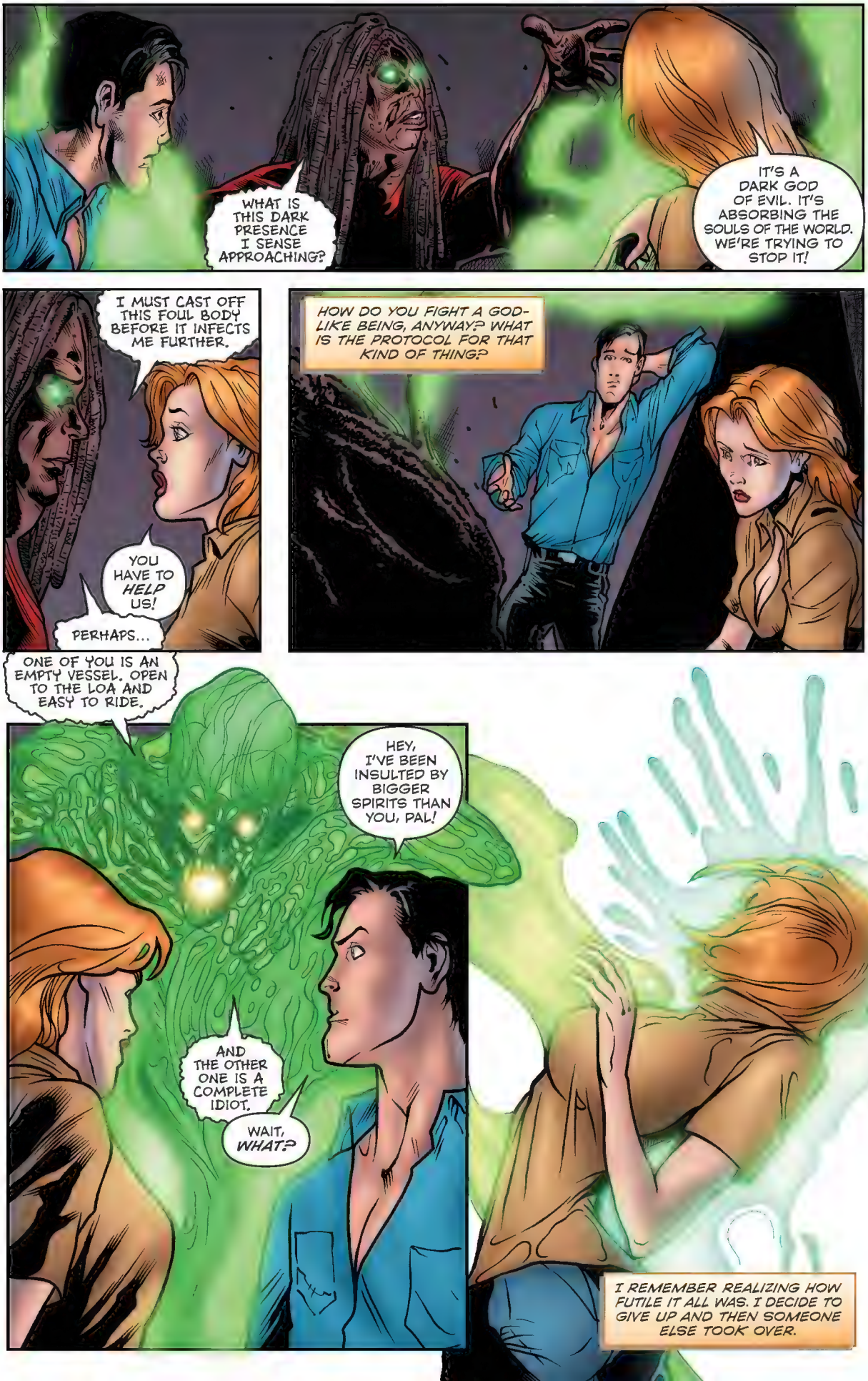
BACK IN THE CAROLINAS...
ARRRGGGHHHH!
LIFE DOES GO ON. EVERYTHING REGENERATES IN ITS OWN TIME.
COULD IT BE THAT WE NEED TO BE PULLED APART TO BE BROUGHT BACK TOGETHER INTO SOMETHING GREATER?
MAYBE THE WORLD DESERVES THIS. MAYBE WE WERE DOOMED TO START WITH.
KTOOOM
PUNY... LITTLE... SOULS.
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT.

HEY, MISS GINNIE? ARE YOU...?
PUNK
THAT'S NOT GOOD...
MAYBE, WE'RE JUST DOOMED...
YOU KNOW, NOT FOR NOTHING, BUT YOU WERE A LITTLE ON THE TALKY SIDE WITH HER.
ME? THIS IS MY FAULT?
I'M JUST SAYING, YOU KNEW WE HAD A LIMITED AMOUNT OF TIME TO TALK TO HER.
I HATE YOU RIGHT NOW.

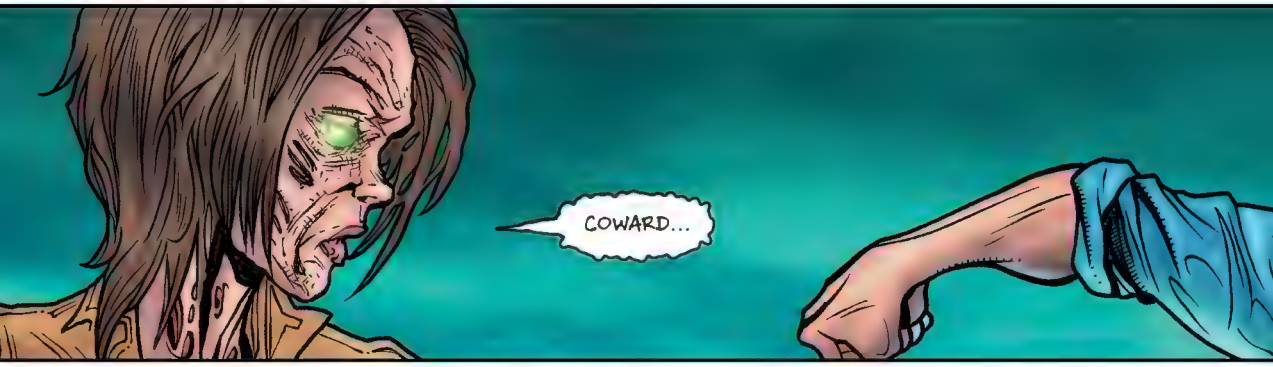

THERE USED TO BE A TIME WHEN YOU COULD COUNT ON A VOODOO PRIESTESS NOT TO DIE ON YOU IN THE MIDDLE OF TRYING TO HELP YOU SAVE THE WORLD.
I GUESS THOSE DAYS ARE OVER.
I THINK WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE.
REALLY? AND GO WHERE?
HOW ABOUT ANYWHERE?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
Uh-oh...
IT'S NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE. SHE DRANK A POTION. IT SAID IT WOULD STOP HER HEART.
TRUE STORY.

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. I MEAN, HOW MUCH WORSE COULD THIS POSSIBLY GET?
JUST YOU WAIT.
THIS NEW AIR SMELLS OF DEATH AND SHAME.
RIGHT. ABOUT THAT...
ASH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HANG ON. DON'T WE GET A WISH OR SOMETHING? WE, uh, FREED YOU FROM THAT JAR.
IMPRISONED FOR DECADES. I SERVE NO ONE NOW!

I KEEP THINKING ABOUT THAT COUCH IN THE FACTORY. YOU KNOW, BEFORE I BURNED IT TO THE GROUND.
MERCY! WE BEG FOR YOUR MERCY!
WAS I SHOWN MERCY?!
I IMAGINE CURLING UP ON THAT OLD THING. I'D BE HAPPY TO HAVE THAT COILED SPRING JABBING INTO MY RIBS.
EVER?
ACKK—!
FOOLS. ONLY THE WEAK BOW...
KRRRAAAAKK
ANYTHING OTHER THAN THIS...

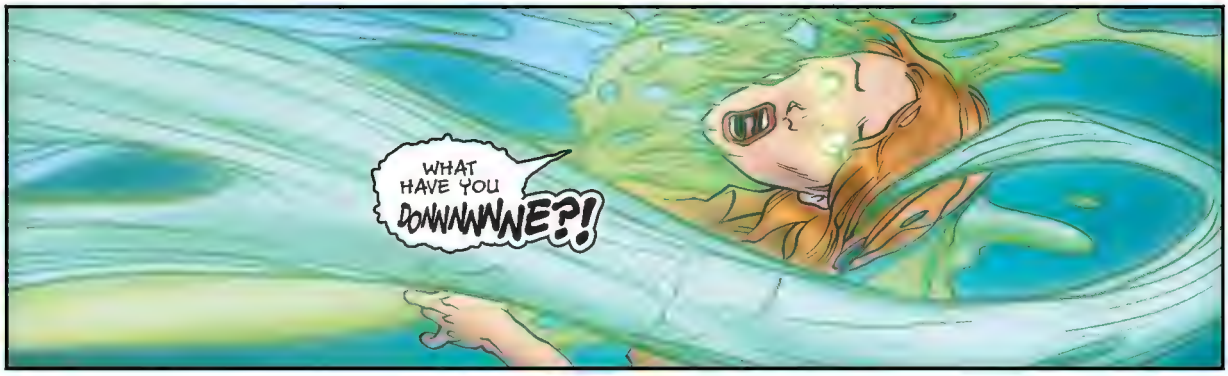

WHAT IS THIS DARK PRESENCE I SENSE APPROACHING?
IT'S A DARK GOD OF EVIL. IT'S ABSORBING THE SOULS OF THE WORLD. WE'RE TRYING TO STOP IT!
I MUST CAST OFF THIS FOUL BODY BEFORE IT INFECTS ME FURTHER.
YOU HAVE TO HELP US!
PERHAPS...
HOW DO YOU FIGHT A GOD-LIKE BEING, ANYWAY? WHAT IS THE PROTOCOL FOR THAT KIND OF THING?
ONE OF YOU IS AN EMPTY VESSEL. OPEN TO THE LOA AND EASY TO RIDE.
HEY, I'VE BEEN INSULTED BY BIGGER SPIRITS THAN YOU, PAL!
AND THE OTHER ONE IS A COMPLETE IDIOT.
WAIT, WHAT?
I REMEMBER REALIZING HOW FUTILE IT ALL WAS. I DECIDE TO GIVE UP AND THEN SOMEONE ELSE TOOK OVER.

MON DIEU!
YOU KNOW, THAT WASN'T THE ANSWER I WAS KIND OF HOPING FOR FROM YOU.


COWARD...

BOOOOOWWWW TOOOOOO MEEEEEE!

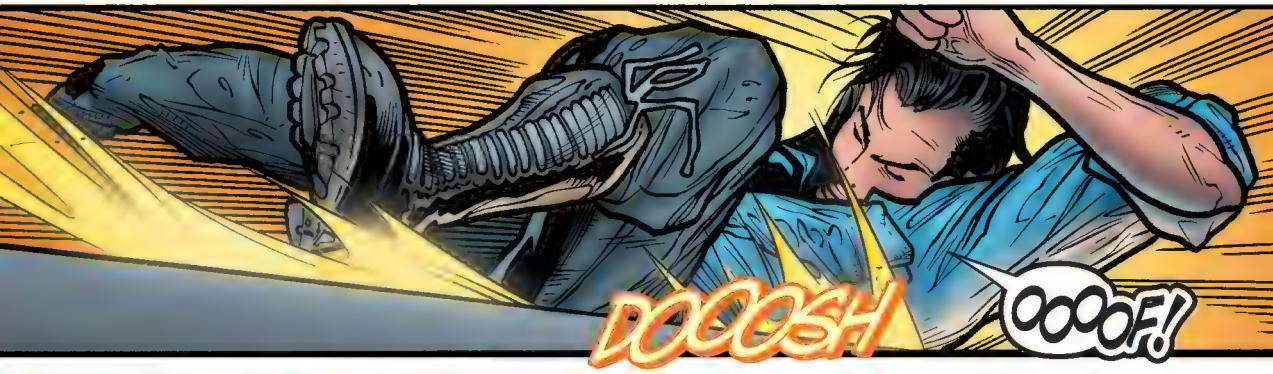
IT'S BETTER TO HAVE A BUNCH OF SOULS AND NOT NEED THEM THAN NEED A BUNCH OF SOULS AND NOT HAVE THEM.
THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY.
BOOOM
BOOOM
BOOOM
NO OFFENSE, BUT I THINK WE'RE GONNA NEED A LITTLE BACK UP.
HERE GOES NOTHING!
NO! YOU FOOL!


WHAT HAVE YOU DONNNNNE?!

ASSHH! HELP MEEEEE!

HOLD ON, ANNIE!
I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!

EYWOOOUUUUGGGHHH!!
THOOOOM


DOOOSH
OOOOF!

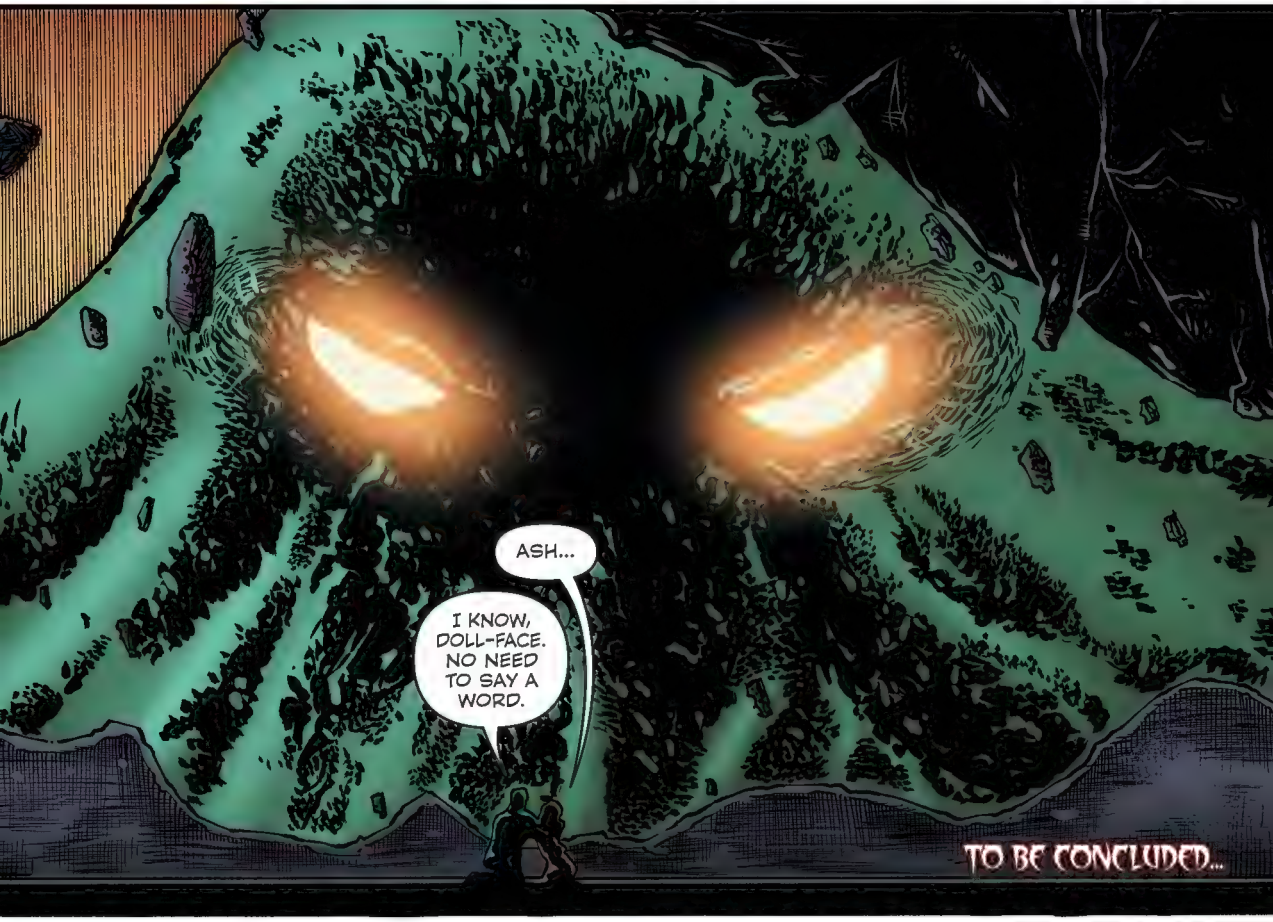
ANNIE?!
grrrooaan

AFTER THAT IT WAS A BLANK VOID. THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, I WAS BACK IN CONTROL.

NOT. GOOD.
ENOUGH.

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK?
I DON'T KNOW. NOT LONG.

I CAN'T SEE SQUAT!


ASH...
I KNOW, DOLL-FACE. NO NEED TO SAY A WORD.
TO BE CONCLUDED...

CHAPTER THREE

Bourbon Street. New Orleans.
SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT FROM THE MOMENT YOU ARE BORN, YOU'RE WAITING FOR DEATH TO COME AND TAKE YOU.
WELL, I AM VERY MUCH IN TOUCH WITH THAT SENTIMENT RIGHT NOW.
THE DARK ONES HAVE FOUND A WAY TO THE EARTHLY PLANE AND ARE DEVOURING HUMAN SOULS AT AN ALARMING RATE.
WE ESCAPED TO NEW ORLEANS AND TRIED TO GET A POWERFUL VOODOO PRIESTESS TO HELP VANQUISH THESE GOD-LIKE BEINGS.
WE EVEN FREED THE CAPTURED SOULS OF SOME OF THE MOST POWERFUL VOODOO SORCERERS OF THE LAST CENTURY.
WHAT DO WE DO?!
LET ME THINK.
OKAY. I GOT THIS.
IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING. THE ANSWER IS NO. NONE OF THAT WORKED.
TELL ME.
Umm.
RUN!

YOU WILL BE TAKEN...

WHAT THE *HELL* ARE YOU *DOING*?! WE'VE *GOT* TO RUN.
NO. *WAIT*. IT'S THE RELEASED SOULS. SOMETHING IS HAPPENING WITH THEM. THEY'RE JOINING TOGETHER.

YOU CAN'T HONESTLY THINK...
Oh...

ARRRRRRRRGGGGHHHHHHHH
DAMBALLA. THE SKY FATHER AND PRIMORDIAL CREATOR OF ALL LIFE. IT'S SAID HE CREATED THE COSMOS WITH HIS 7000 COILS.
THE SHEDDING OF HIS SKIN FORMED THE SEA AND THE EARTH. THIS MUCH VOODOO MYTHOLOGY I KNEW.
AND NOW, HE'S HERE. HELPING TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE.

"SO, I GUESS THIS WOULD BE A BAD TIME TO TELL YOU THAT I WAS PROBABLY RIGHT TO BREAK THOSE OTHER JARS."
"DO YOU REALLY NEED THIS MUCH APPROVAL?"
"WELL, *YEAH!* YOU TRY LIVING WITHOUT A SOUL. SEE HOW YOU DO!
"YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO SUCK JUST AN OUNCE OF JOY OUT OF ANYTHING IN THIS WORLD?"
"FINE. FINE. GOOD MOVE, ASH. YOU PROBABLY SAVED OUR LIVES."
"AGAIN. I WOULD SAY--SAVED OUR LIVES *AGAIN.*
"JUST SAYING."

I DON'T BELIEVE IN COINCIDENCES, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THE WORLD IS LOOKING OUT FOR YOU. I DON'T EVEN THINK IT CARES.
DEATH... IS NOT...THE END.
SOULS ARE...ETERNAL. WE ARE... ETERNAL.
THAT WHICH IS NOT DEAD CAN ETERNAL LIE...
NOT IN THE SPACES YOU KNOW, BUT BETWEEN THEM. WE WALK SERENE AND PRIMAL, UNDIMENSIONED AND TO YOU UNSEEN.

NOBODY DOES ANYTHING. IT ALL JUST HAPPENS.
HEY! ARE YOU OKAY?
YOU MIGHT WANT TO TRY A LITTLE EXERCISE FROM TIME TO TIME.
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY? WE CAN'T STOP FOR TOO LONG.
WE CANNOT DIEEEEEEE!
ASSSHH?!

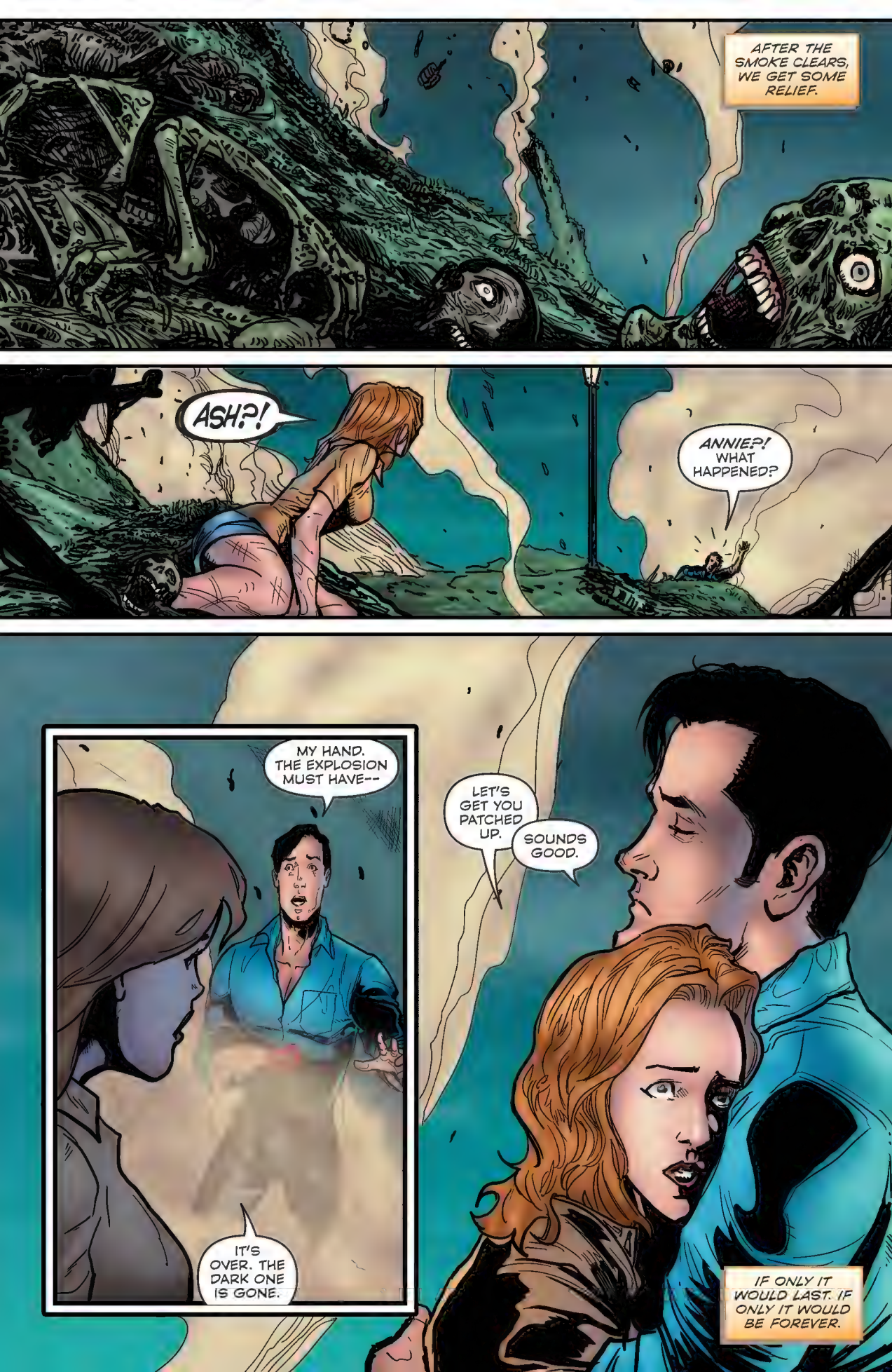
ONE OF US. ONE OF US. ONE OF USSSSSSS!

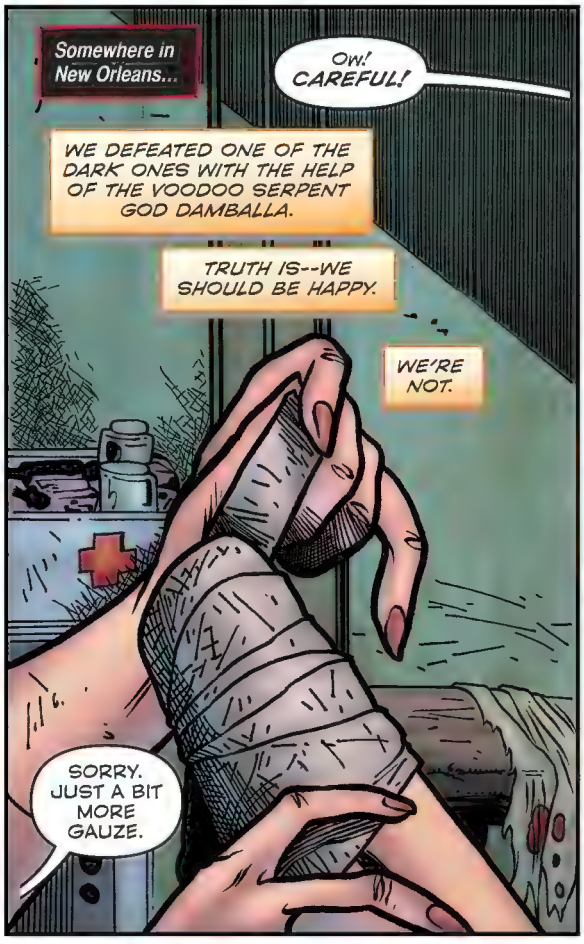
NO USE RESISTING NOW. THE STRUGGLE IS OVER. YOUR SOUL IS OURS FOREVER...

THE DARK ONES CANNOT BE DEFEATED. THEIR EXISTENCE IS LIFE ITSELF. TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN...
I SMELL YOU NOW... YOU ARE CLOSE...

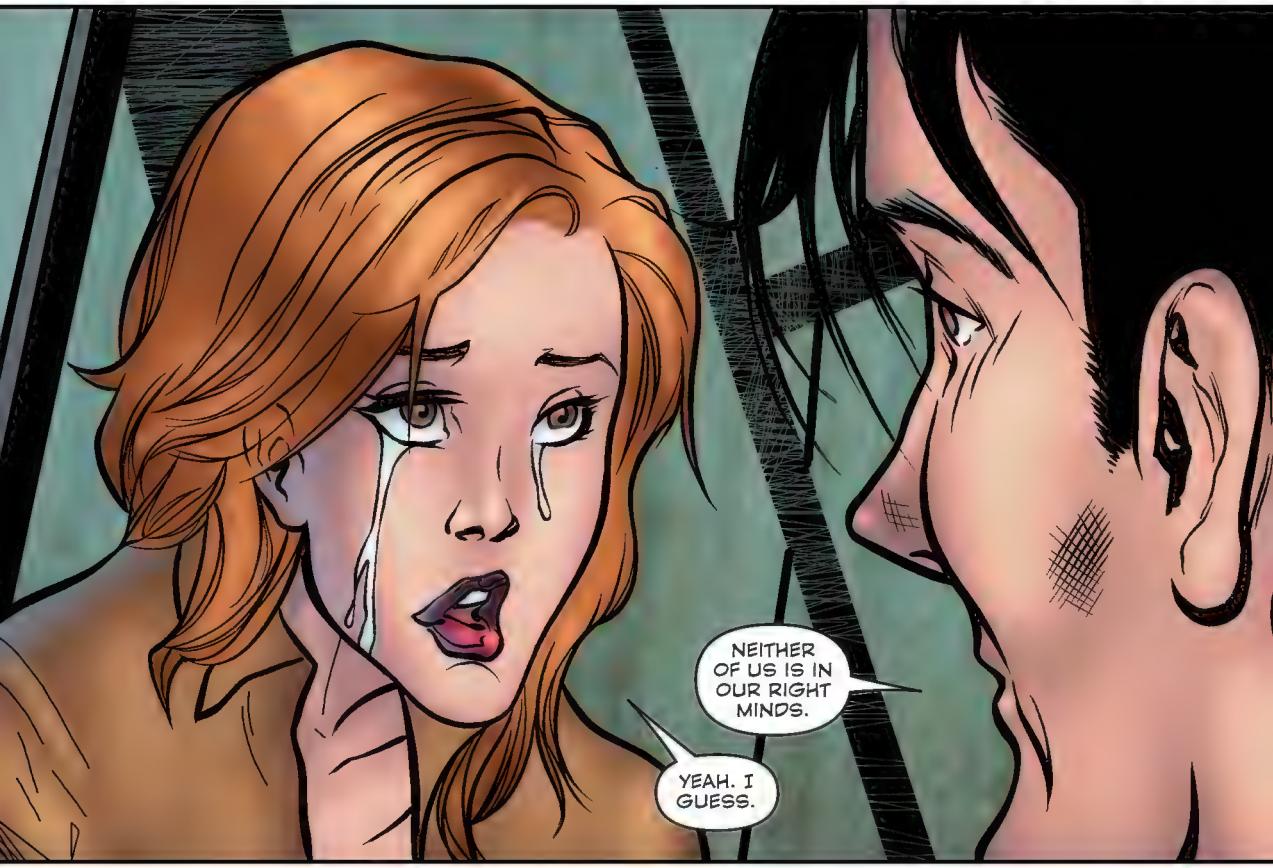
YOU PASS THROUGH SO MANY GATES. YOU THINK IT MEANS YOU'RE FREE OF YOUR PAST. FREE OF TROUBLE.
YOUR COILS WILL NOT REFORM US IN YOUR IMAGE, SERPENT...
WE... URRRRGH...
THAT NO ONE CAN EVER HURT YOU.
THEN YOU REALIZE IT'S JUST YOU. YOU'RE THE ONE. EXCEPT, YOU'RE JUST HURTING YOURSELF.
EVEN WHEN WE LASH OUT AT OTHERS.
GET AWAYYY!
THUNK
MY HAND!

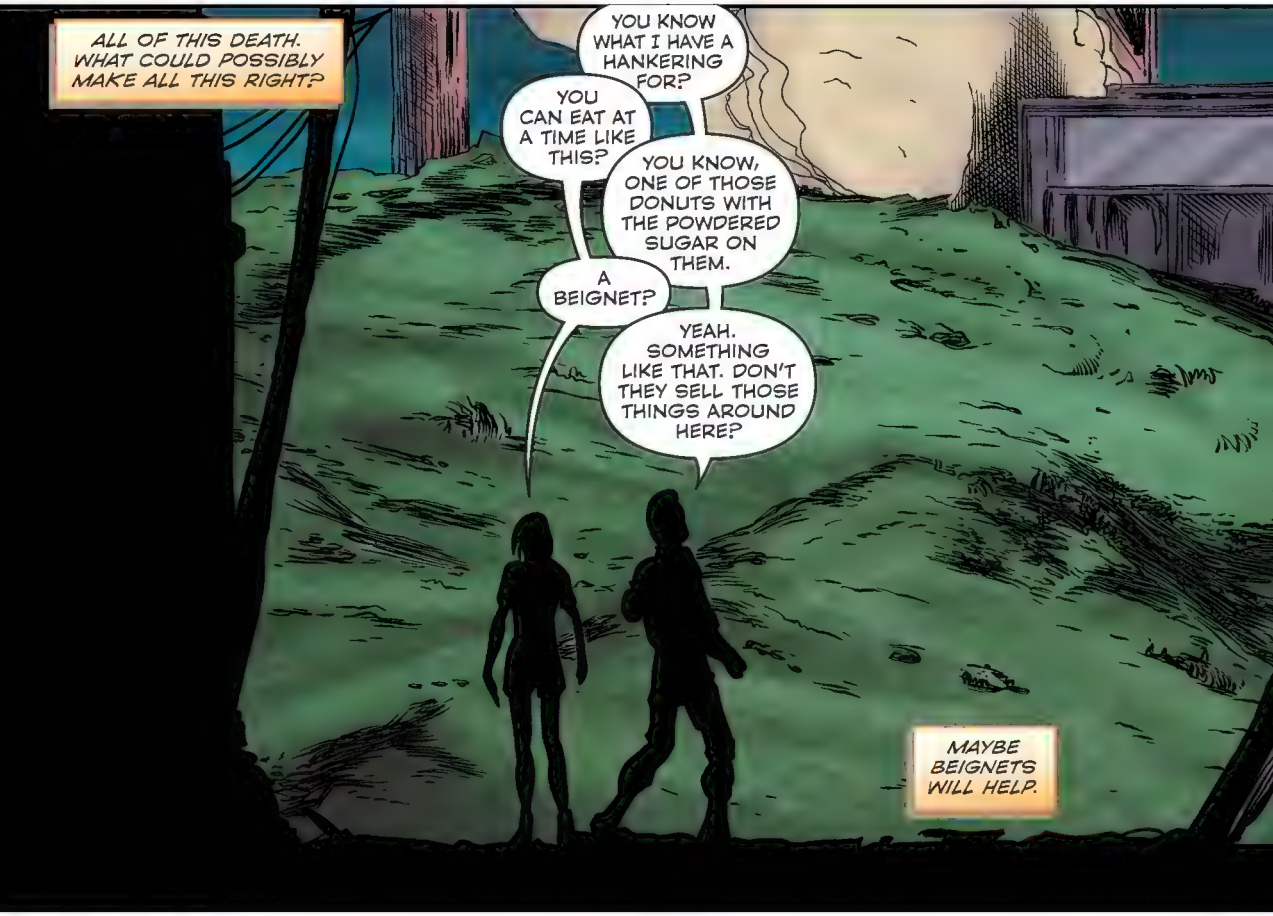
I KNOW IT SOUNDS LIKE PSYCHOBABBLE, BUT IT GOT ME THINKING.
AREN'T THE DARK ONES JUST THE COLLECTED SUBCONSCIOUS OF THE UNIVERSE. ALL THE DARK, SCARY PARTS OF OURSELVES THAT WE PUSH DOWN.
EVERYTHING WE REFUSE TO LOOK AT.
ACKNOWLEDGE.
ACCEPT.
SO, THEN IT REACHES THE SURFACE AND EXPLODES.


AFTER THE SMOKE CLEARS, WE GET SOME RELIEF.
ASH?!
ANNIE?! WHAT HAPPENED?
MY HAND. THE EXPLOSION MUST HAVE--
IT'S OVER. THE DARK ONE IS GONE.
LET'S GET YOU PATCHED UP.
SOUNDS GOOD.
IF ONLY IT WOULD LAST. IF ONLY IT WOULD BE FOREVER.

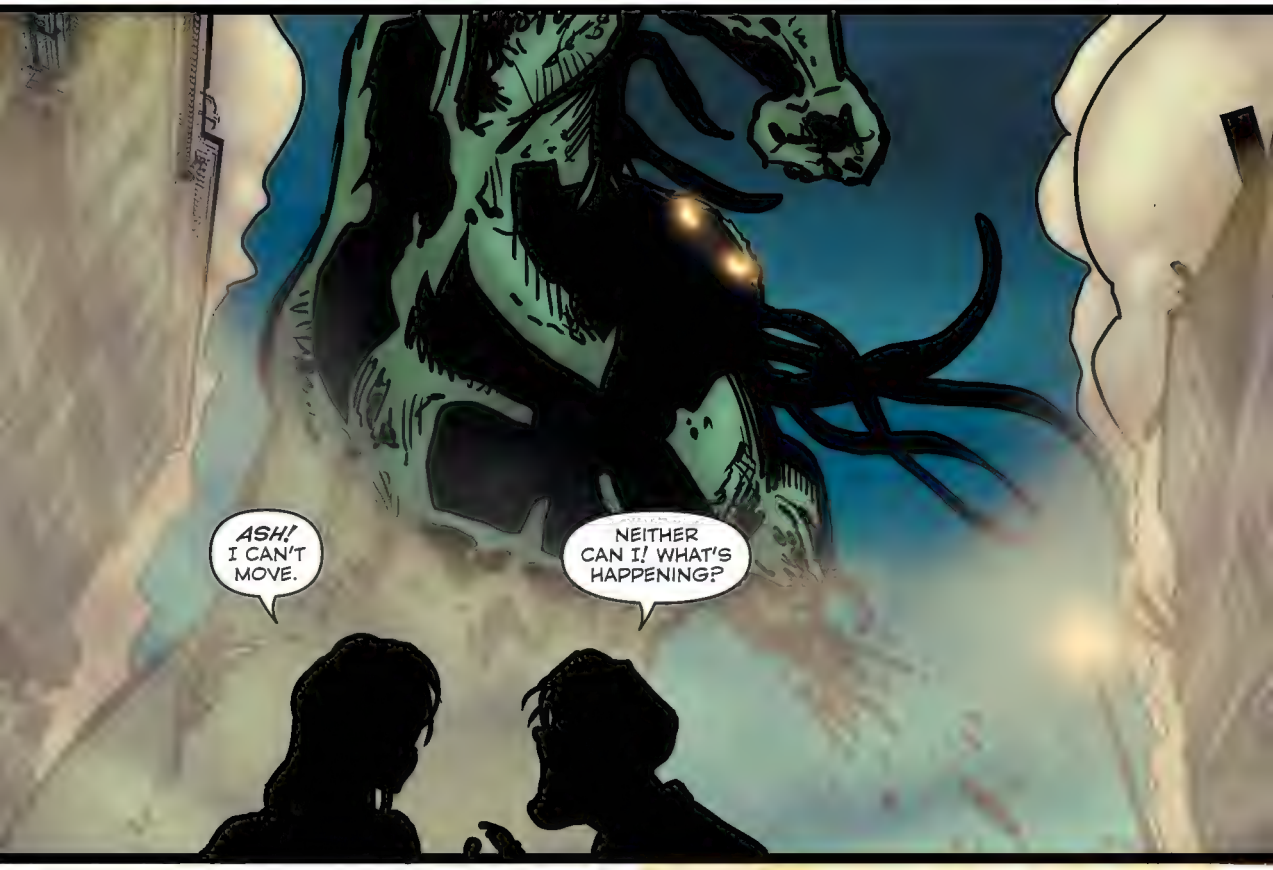

Somewhere in New Orleans...
OW! CAREFUL!
WE DEFEATED ONE OF THE DARK ONES WITH THE HELP OF THE VOODOO SERPENT GOD DAMBALLA.
TRUTH IS--WE SHOULD BE HAPPY.
WE'RE NOT.
SORRY. JUST A BIT MORE GAUZE.

I KNOW WHY YOU DID IT. I WASN'T MYSELF.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS ANYMORE.


NEITHER OF US IS IN OUR RIGHT MINDS.
YEAH. I GUESS.


ALL OF THIS DEATH. WHAT COULD POSSIBLY MAKE ALL THIS RIGHT?
YOU KNOW WHAT I HAVE A HANKERING FOR?
YOU CAN EAT AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
YOU KNOW, ONE OF THOSE DONUTS WITH THE POWDERED SUGAR ON THEM.
A BEIGNET?
YEAH. SOMETHING LIKE THAT. DON'T THEY SELL THOSE THINGS AROUND HERE?
MAYBE BEIGNETS WILL HELP.

HEY, LOOK!
IT SMELLS LIKE HEAVEN SHOULD SMELL.
ASH...
DON'T RUIN THIS FOR ME. I HAVE SO LITTLE IN LIFE.
ASH!


ASH! I CAN'T MOVE.
NEITHER CAN I! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

SOON... WE'LL...BE... ONNNNNE!

THOOOOOOOOOM

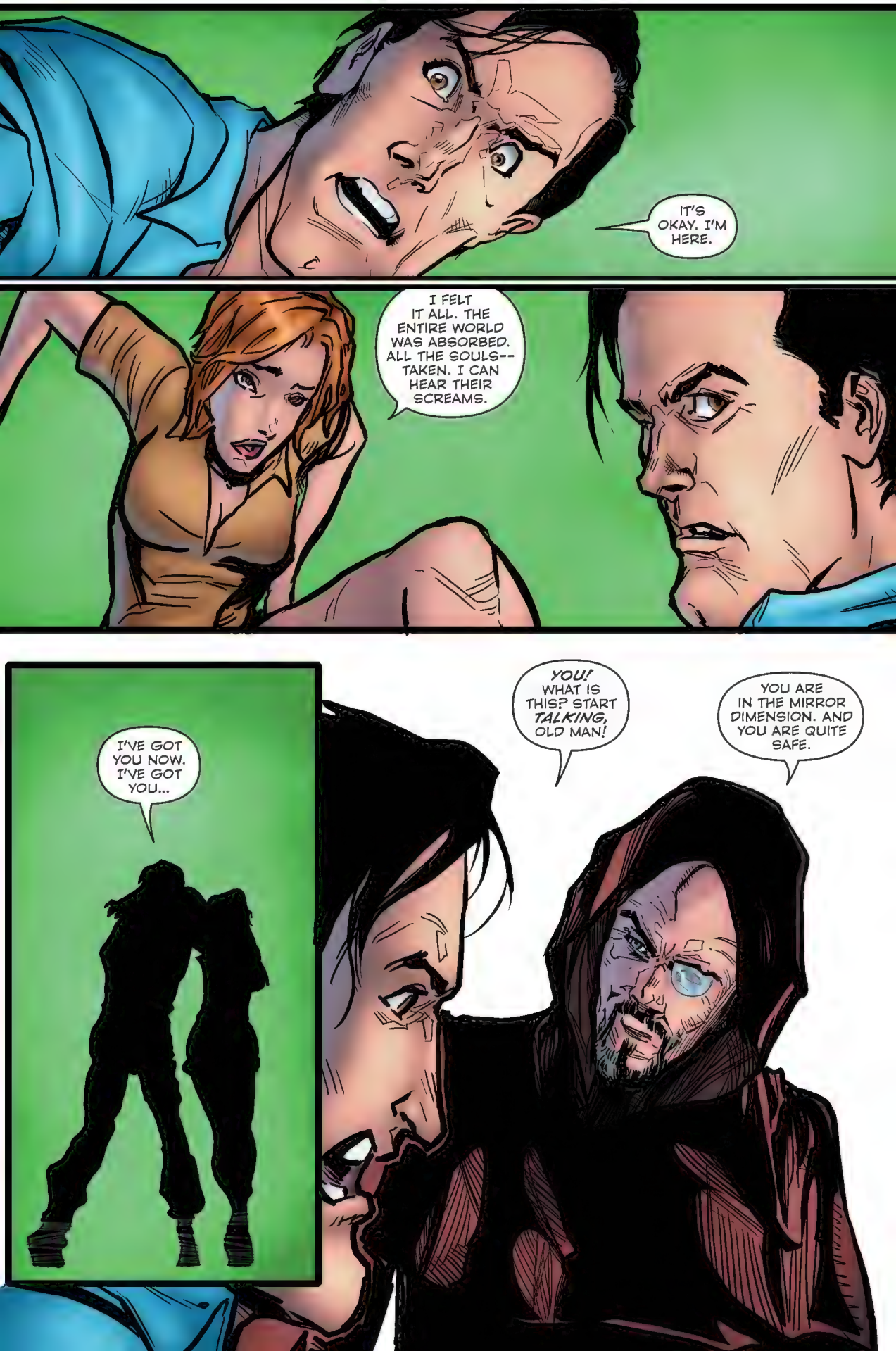
A DARKNESS. STYGIAN. THAT'S A WORD MY FATHER WOULD USE TO DESCRIBE SOMETHING SO BLACK THAT IT DEVOURS ALL LIGHT AROUND IT.

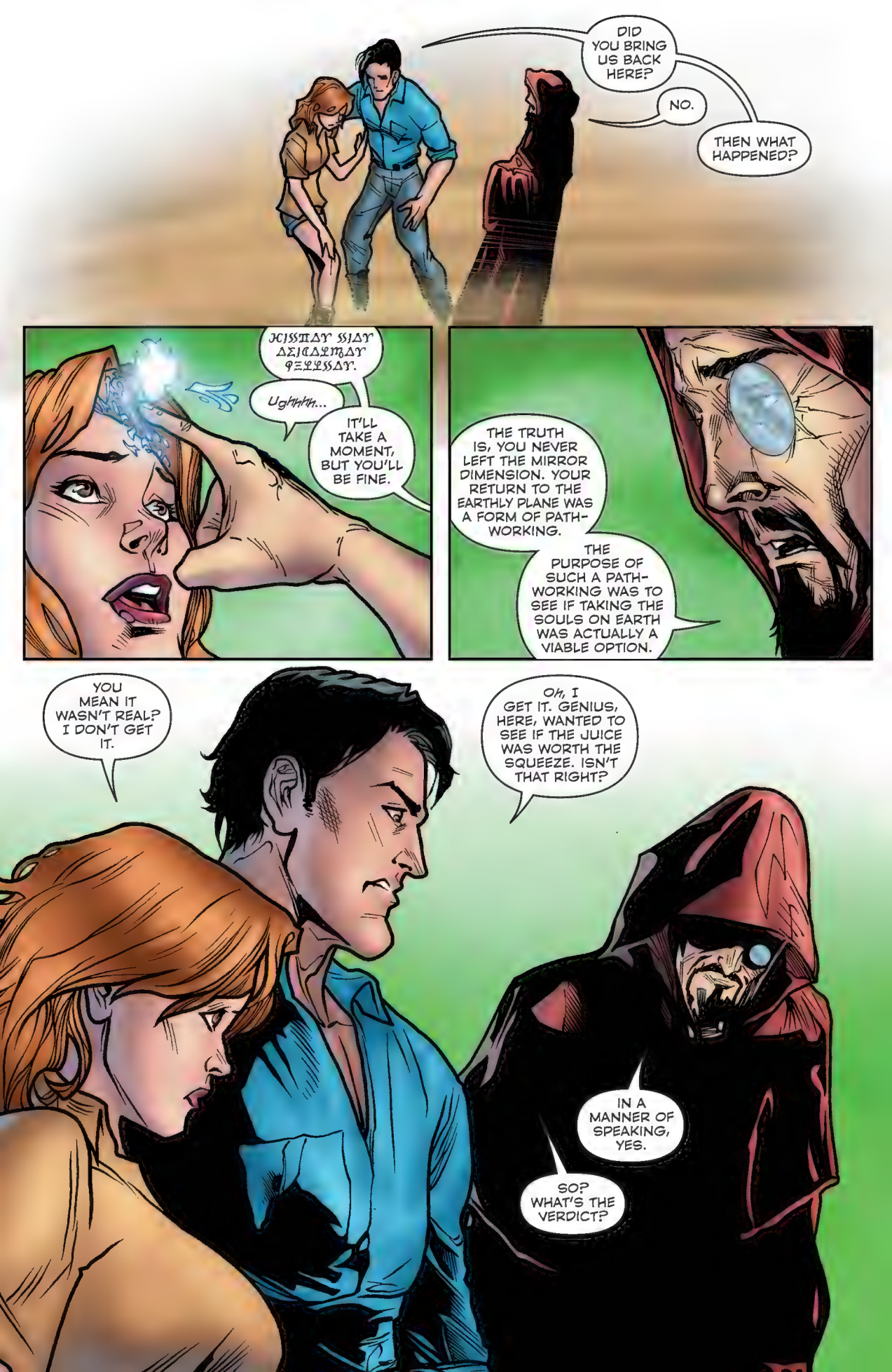
I CAN'T EVEN SEE MYSELF. AM I EVEN REAL? HAVE I BEEN COMPLETELY DISSOLVED?

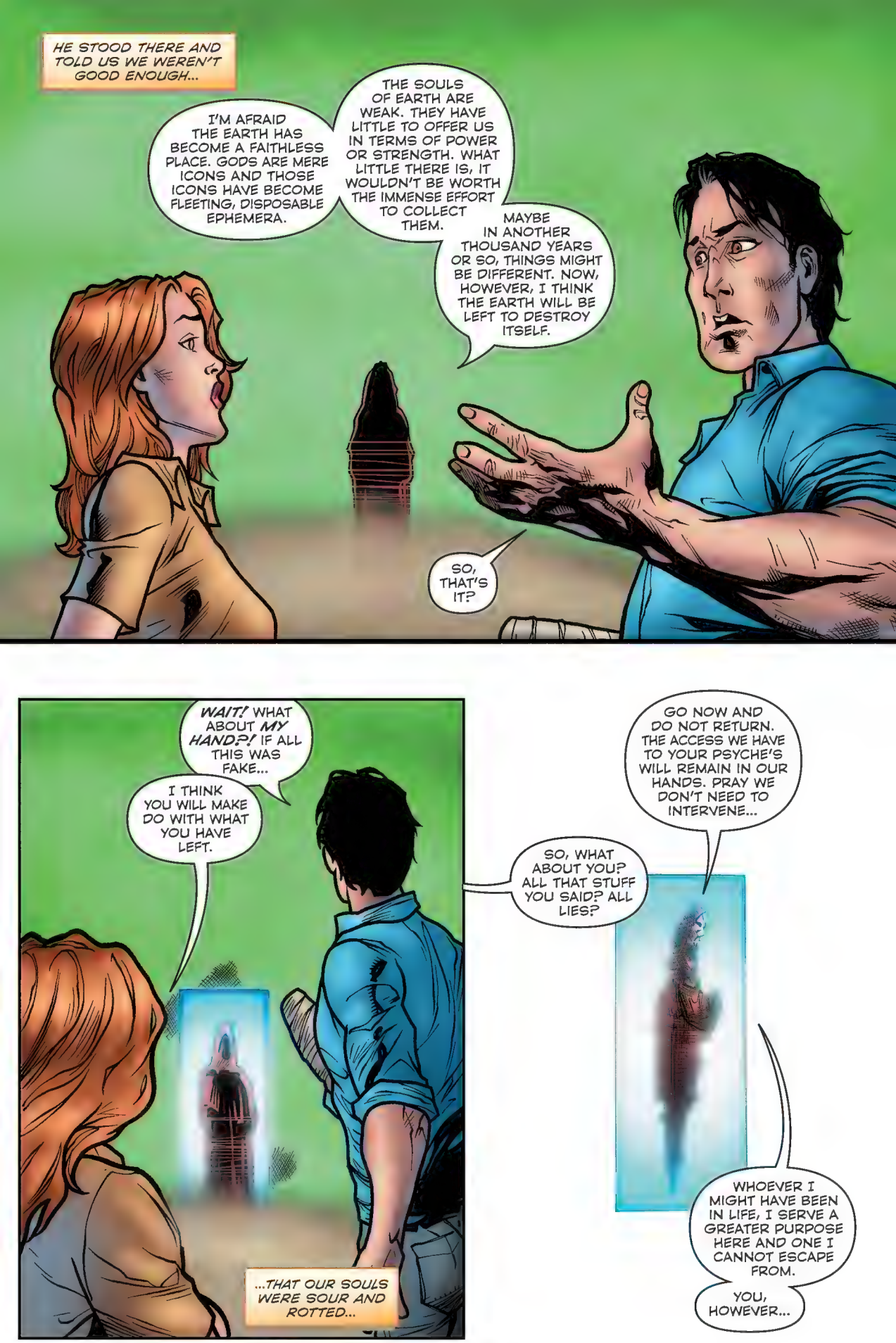
ARE THESE THOUGHTS JUST THE TWITCHING OF A CORPSE THAT STILL HAS RESIDUAL ELECTRICAL PULSES FLOWING THROUGH IT.

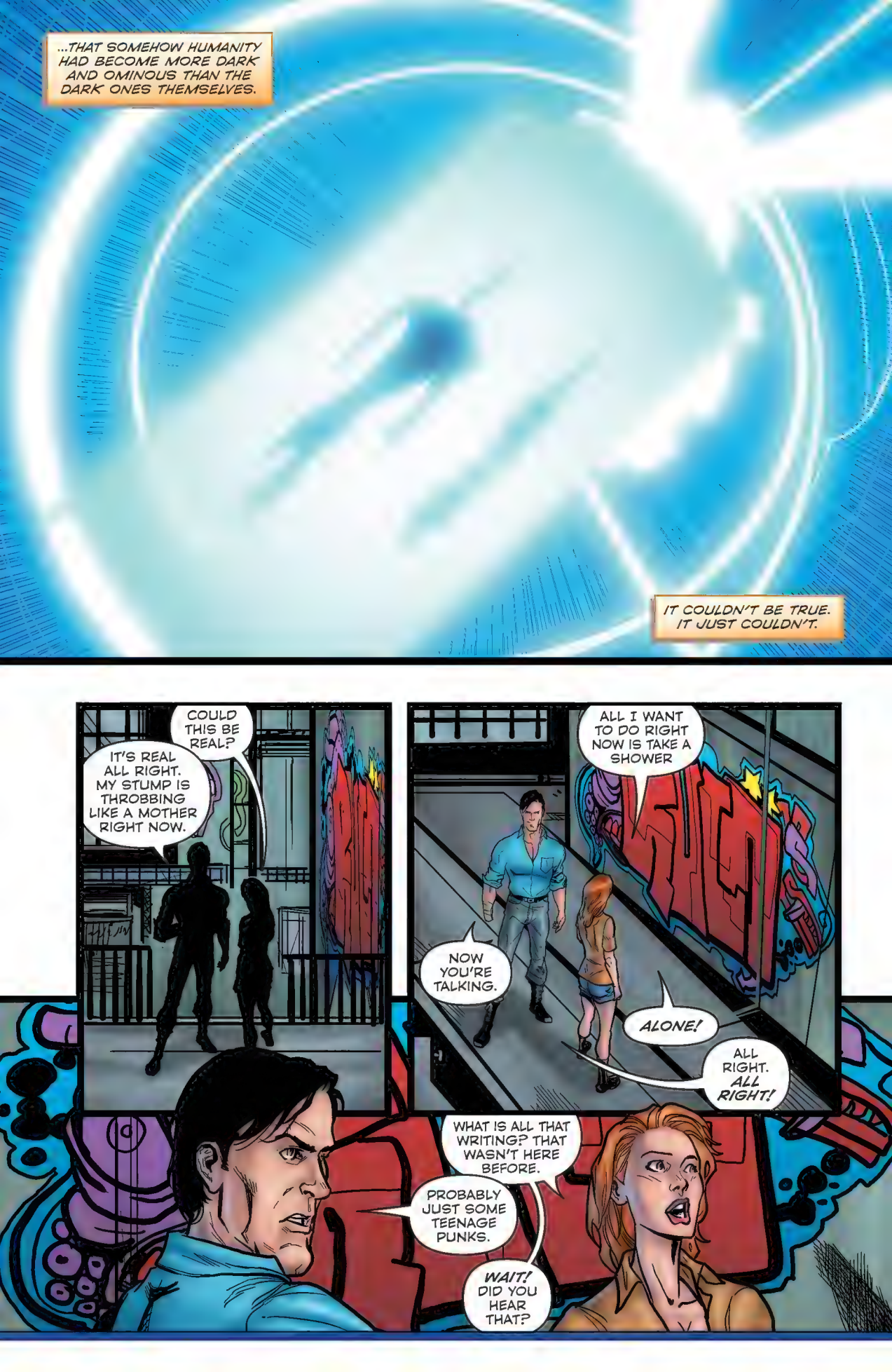
LIKE A LIZARD'S TAIL THAT MOVES FOR HOURS AFTER IT'S BEEN CHOPPED OFF. THEN IT HITS ME. THE WORLD IS GONE.

ANNIE?!


IT'S OKAY. I'M HERE.
I FELT IT ALL. THE ENTIRE WORLD WAS ABSORBED. ALL THE SOULS-- TAKEN. I CAN HEAR THEIR SCREAMS.
I'VE GOT YOU NOW. I'VE GOT YOU...
YOU! WHAT IS THIS? START TALKING, OLD MAN!
YOU ARE IN THE MIRROR DIMENSION. AND YOU ARE QUITE SAFE.


DID YOU BRING US BACK HERE?
NO.
THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
ЖISSΠAY SSJAY ΔΣIЖΔΨMAY ϕΞΨΨSSAY.
Ughhhh...
IT'LL TAKE A MOMENT, BUT YOU'LL BE FINE.
THE TRUTH IS, YOU NEVER LEFT THE MIRROR DIMENSION. YOUR RETURN TO THE EARTHLY PLANE WAS A FORM OF PATH-WORKING.
THE PURPOSE OF SUCH A PATH-WORKING WAS TO SEE IF TAKING THE SOULS ON EARTH WAS ACTUALLY A VIABLE OPTION.
YOU MEAN IT WASN'T REAL? I DON'T GET IT.
Oh, I GET IT. GENIUS, HERE, WANTED TO SEE IF THE JUICE WAS WORTH THE SQUEEZE. ISN'T THAT RIGHT?
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, YES.
SO? WHAT'S THE VERDICT?


HE STOOD THERE AND TOLD US WE WEREN'T GOOD ENOUGH...
I'M AFRAID THE EARTH HAS BECOME A FAITHLESS PLACE. GODS ARE MERE ICONS AND THOSE ICONS HAVE BECOME FLEETING, DISPOSABLE EPHEMERA.
THE SOULS OF EARTH ARE WEAK. THEY HAVE LITTLE TO OFFER US IN TERMS OF POWER OR STRENGTH. WHAT LITTLE THERE IS, IT WOULDN'T BE WORTH THE IMMENSE EFFORT TO COLLECT THEM.
MAYBE IN ANOTHER THOUSAND YEARS OR SO, THINGS MIGHT BE DIFFERENT. NOW, HOWEVER, I THINK THE EARTH WILL BE LEFT TO DESTROY ITSELF.
SO, THAT'S IT?
WAIT! WHAT ABOUT MY HAND?! IF ALL THIS WAS FAKE...
I THINK YOU WILL MAKE DO WITH WHAT YOU HAVE LEFT.
...THAT OUR SOULS WERE SOUR AND ROTTED...
SO, WHAT ABOUT YOU? ALL THAT STUFF YOU SAID? ALL LIES?
GO NOW AND DO NOT RETURN. THE ACCESS WE HAVE TO YOUR PSYCHE'S WILL REMAIN IN OUR HANDS. PRAY WE DON'T NEED TO INTERVENE...
WHOEVER I MIGHT HAVE BEEN IN LIFE, I SERVE A GREATER PURPOSE HERE AND ONE I CANNOT ESCAPE FROM.
YOU, HOWEVER...


...THAT SOMEHOW HUMANITY HAD BECOME MORE DARK AND OMINOUS THAN THE DARK ONES THEMSELVES.
IT COULDN'T BE TRUE. IT JUST COULDN'T.
COULD THIS BE REAL?
IT'S REAL ALL RIGHT. MY STUMP IS THROBBING LIKE A MOTHER RIGHT NOW.
ALL I WANT TO DO RIGHT NOW IS TAKE A SHOWER
NOW YOU'RE TALKING.
ALONE!
ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT!
WHAT IS ALL THAT WRITING? THAT WASN'T HERE BEFORE.
PROBABLY JUST SOME TEENAGE PUNKS.
WAIT! DID YOU HEAR THAT?

MY BRAIN BELIEVES IN HUMANITY. THE FEELING IN MY GUT SAYS OTHERWISE.
IT KNOWS THE HORRIBLE TRUTH I DON'T WANT TO ACCEPT.
WE ALL HAVE THE CAPACITY FOR GREAT EVIL. ALL OF US.
KANNNNN-DAAAAAA!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!
WE'RE JUST MESSING AROUND.
AND IT'S UP TO PEOPLE LIKE ASH AND ME TO BE THERE WHEN THEY REAR THEIR UGLY HEADS.
END.

EVIL DEAD 2

DARK ONES RISING

COVER GALLERY

DARK ONES RISING

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